

School of Theology at Claremont



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# LAY SERMONS FOR PRACTICAL PEOPLE

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EDITED BY

THE REV. C. FREEMAN WILLS.



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## LAY SERMONS.



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# LAY SERMONS.

## FOR PRACTICAL PEOPLE

EDITED BY

THE REV. FREEMAN WILLS



LONDON

GRIFFITH FARRAN OKEDEN & WELSH  
NEWBERY HOUSE, CHARING CROSS ROAD  
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## P R E F A C E.

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THE Addresses contained in this Volume were spoken to mixed audiences in Lambeth Polytechnic Institute on Sunday afternoons, and are published from shorthand reports.

The experiment of filling up the ‘languid hour’ of Sunday afternoon, devoted, where such better employment of it is wanting, to siesta or gossip by the heads of families, to a pipe and conversation not always suited to the day by young men, and to dreariness by young women, was very ‘successful.’ I acknowledge that success is not an unerring proof of merititiousness; but the success in this case consisted not merely in drawing large attendances, but in the feeling of all who attended regularly (and they were many) that the time was well spent.

This one hour given up to sacred music, and to discourses showing the breadth of religion—that it is related to this life as well as to the other, and that the health of body and mind, and all that concerns the welfare of man, are properly taken into the meaning of it in its wider sense—was much missed when the afternoon lectures were stopped for a time, and left a great desire for their return.

There is not any more conflict between so-called secular subjects and religious than between the earth and the plant which grows from the earth. Good soil, we have the best authority for

saying, is necessary for the growth to full fruitfulness of good seed. Consequently, the process of stimulating the mind, of bringing it into culture, of giving an understanding of beauty, moral and material, of making men think of their welfare, and altogether doing something to lift them and give them pure tastes and a capability for more than frivolity and commonplace, is surely preparing for the growth of that which is best of all. Religion is not a beautiful plant that grows in the air: it needs to have its root in the people's common life. And, for this reason, it seems to me the Sunday lecture on a secular subject well fits into its place in the sacred day.

Many distinguished laymen, who would not care to preach in the ordinary sense of the word, and would be very unwise to venture on theological subjects, may be induced to use gifts, which would otherwise be lost to the Church, in delivering Sunday lectures of an improving sort; and thus a great new power of influencing the people for good may be utilised and brought into action. In many cases laymen are more competent than clergymen to speak upon points where two worlds meet, to prove they do not conflict; and their words have not only more weight with the laity than the words of those looked upon as paid advocates, but they are able to reinforce and lend added authority to professional preachers, whose testimony they confirm. Although some of the Sunday afternoon speakers at Lambeth Polytechnic were clergymen, I think the nature of their addresses entitles me to include them under the general heading of Lay Sermons.

THE EDITOR.

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*THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.*

BY

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.  
BART., M.P., F.R.S.



# *Lay Sermons and Clerical Lectures.*

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## **The Conduct of Life.**

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I ACCEPTED with very great pleasure the invitation to come before you this afternoon. These meetings bring vividly before us the great truth that while Religion and Virtue ought not to be matters for one day of the week only, so, on the other hand, Literature, and Science, and Art, and Music, if properly studied and enjoyed, are not merely matters affecting the mind alone, but raise and purify the whole life. It is not many years ago that the clergy of almost all denominations would have looked a little askance at such a meeting as this. We are all of us wiser now. Our religious bodies look upon one another with much more friendly eyes, and instead of devoting their energies to acrimonious discussions, they show more disposition to unite their forces against the common enemies, Ignorance and Vice, and in the Christian endeavour to diminish misery and suffering.

This building in which we are met this afternoon might seem at first sight to have relation essentially to week-day work. A Polytechnic

Institution appears, as it were, expressly devoted to instruction in the more material and prosaic (if necessary) requirements of our existence, and so, no doubt, it is primarily, but it need not and ought not to be so entirely. We are beginning to realise now that education ought to last through life; that the education of our children ought not to be a mere matter of grammar and books, but should include some training of the hand and eye; and so also, on the other hand, the life of the grown-up man and woman should not be altogether devoted to work with the hands, or to the pursuit of money, but that some time should also be devoted by them to the pursuit of knowledge, and the improvement of their minds.

We are told that when the old Greek philosopher, Chilo, was asked in what educated men differed from those who were illiterate, he said, 'in good hopes.' What are our hopes? What is our main object in life? To put it briefly, I suppose that most people would say in one word, Happiness. Too often, however, we think only of the enjoyment of the moment, and sacrifice that of the life. No doubt the ideal of Happiness would vary very greatly. Some would seek it in virtue, some in fame, some would not aspire beyond wealth; but what is generally meant by selfishness is that which makes self the main object, and seeks its own happiness, regardless of that of others. Such, of course, is sure to fail; but there is another kind of self, which finds its true happiness in that of others, and *that*, on the contrary, we may hope will generally succeed.

If, then, the greatest happiness of the greatest number is at any rate one great object for which we may strive, not to be happy ourselves and make others happy, but to make others happy and be happy ourselves, then the great question is, How can we best promote that object? Pietro de Medici is said to have once employed the great artist Michael Angelo to make a statue out of snow. Well, that was, of course, a stupid waste of precious time. But if Michael Angelo's time was precious to the world, our time, at any rate, is just as precious to ourselves, and yet we too often waste it—I won't say in making statues of snow, but even worse, in making idols out of the mire.

We are still, no doubt, in a comparatively early stage of human development, and we have not reached to the full that subordination of ourselves which is requisite to true sympathy with others, although we are beginning to realise, I hope, more fully that the selfish pursuits of our own means and our own happiness is not the best way to secure them. We have still a very great deal to learn if we wish to know how thoroughly to enjoy and avail ourselves of the world we live in.

As the late Lord Beaconsfield said, at the opening of the Manchester Athenæum, ' Knowledge is like the mystic ladder in the patriarch's dream. Its base rests on the primeval earth ; its crest is lost in the shadowy splendour of the empyrean ; while the great authors, who for traditional ages have held the chain of science and philosophy, of poesy and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending the sacred scale, and maintaining, as it were, the communication between man and Heaven.' You have here provided for you access to books.

Now, I often see it stated that everyone cannot take an interest in art and history, in astronomy, geology, travels, and philosophy, but surely everyone might take an interest in some subject or other. There are books about everything in the world, and surely every intelligent being might take an interest in something. Those who do not try have no idea how much interest and amusement there is to be derived from books. Let us take, for instance, one kind of book—voyages and travels. I don't suppose anyone who has not read voyages and travels has any idea how much amusement and how much humour there is in them. We are very apt to suppose that other races of men are much more like us than they really are, whereas, on the contrary, many things which seem ridiculous and absurd to us seem quite natural to other races, and what seems natural to them seems absurd to us. Let us take a case in the practice of medicine. To us it seems perfectly natural that if anyone is ill we send for the medical man. He examines, to see what is the matter with us, and prescribes some medicine, and the patient takes it, and I suppose that nobody who had not read travels and voyages would ever have imagined that there are races of men among whom, if anyone is ill, when the doctors come to him, it is the doctors who take the medicine, and not the patient. Take another case. When a baby is born in this country, the mother naturally goes to bed, and is most carefully watched and tended; but there are various races of mankind amongst whom, on the birth of a baby, it is the father, and not the mother, who is put to bed. Nobody, I think, would imagine that that could be the case, and yet there is, after

all, certain reason in it from their point of view, because as they consider the father and child are intimately related to one another, they assume that if the father were to get into any trouble, or eat anything that did not agree with him, the baby would necessarily suffer for it. Let me give you just one other illustration. You may, perhaps, have heard the story of the clergyman who used to amuse himself by driving tandem. His bishop remonstrated with him, but he said, 'I don't know why you should find fault with me. You drive two horses in your own carriage, and I cannot see what difference it makes if the horses are driven abreast or one in front of the other?' 'Now,' replied the bishop, 'supposing I hold up my hands like that, that is an attitude of respect and adoration, but if I hold my hands up like that' (placing thumb to nose and extending the fingers of both hands), 'I don't know why, but that attitude is one of peculiar insult, generally so understood all over the world.' But this opinion is not quite universal, for there are races of men (amongst others the hill tribes of India) who reverse the idea, and with whom the lifting up of the hands in that way is an attitude of gratitude and respect. I mentioned that fact, in an account I was writing of the administration of justice amongst different races, many years ago, and I got, shortly afterwards, a letter from a friend of mine, a judge in Central India, who said he was very much interested in that fact, because it so happened that on one occasion, some years previously, he had gone to try three men belonging to one of the hill tribes on a charge of murder. He considered the case was not proved, and on announcing to the prisoners that they were

free, the three immediately lifted up their hands in that (to us disrespectful) attitude. All the English and the Hindoos looked upon this as an act of contempt of court, but the judge said he saw an expression of such great solemnity on the men's faces that he could not reconcile the attitude with it, and he considered the best plan was to take no notice of it ; and in writing to me he said, ' I now see that they were really expressing their gratitude and their appreciation of British justice.'

One might run through almost all the subjects which are treated in books, and though there are some, such as astronomy, geology, and chemistry, and other branches of human knowledge, in which you cannot expect to find such humour as in the accounts of other races of people, still they all of them contain much of extreme interest. No doubt there are some things which nobody can learn from books. I heard not long ago an account of one of Her Majesty's inspectors, who was examining an elementary school. He said to one little girl, ' Supposing I lent your father one hundred pounds in June, and he promised to repay me ten pounds every month, how much would he owe me the following January ? ' The girl said at once, ' He would still owe you one hundred pounds.' ' Oh,' said the inspector, ' I am afraid you don't know even the rudiments of arithmetic.' ' Oh yes, I do,' said the girl ; ' but *you* don't know my father.' Well, that is just an illustration of one of the many things we cannot learn from books, but which we must pick up for ourselves, from our own experience, as we go through life. I don't know whether any of you have ever come across anyone who has been the better for not knowing things. I only

know one illustration of one who was the better for ignorance. It was the case of a lady who was very anxious to obtain No. 24 in a lottery. Her friends got it for her, and she won the large prize, and then they were curious to know what made her think No. 24 would be the winning number. After some little pressing, she said the fact was that she had dreamt one night that No. 7 would win, but somehow she did not think it was a lucky number; but she dreamt a second time that No. 24 would win, still she had a doubt; but on dreaming the third time of that number, she felt sure there was something in it, ‘and so,’ she said, ‘as three times seven make *twenty-four*, I felt sure that would win the prize.’ I don’t know whether any of you have come across any other instance in which ignorance has proved such an advantage as in that case.

There are many who imagine that when we have taken all the pains we might, after all it was thrown away, because the ordinary functions of life are so prosaic in character. But that is a very great mistake. It is not true that the ordinary duties of life in a country like ours—commerce, manufactures, or agriculture—pursuits to which the vast majority of us are and must be devoted, it is quite a mistake to suppose they are incompatible with the dignity or nobility of life. Whether life is noble or ignoble, depends not on the calling which is adopted, but on the spirit in which it is followed. The humblest life may be noble, while that of the most powerful monarch may be contemptible and ignoble; and the man who has done a good stroke of work, who is up early in the morning, who feels weary but not worn at night, who is conscious that his fellow-creatures are (even

though it be only a little) the better for his day's work, depend upon it, he will go to bed a happy man. It is in the power of us all, if we will, to live happily together. You may remember the old adage on your Lambeth pottery, and which runs, if I remember rightly, as follows :—

‘What though a merry man  
Do everything he can,  
With mirth and pleasant jest  
To entertain his guest,  
Yet if his wife do frown  
All merriment goes down.’

And it is even more impossible for the woman to make the home cheerful and happy if the husband is morose and ill-tempered ; but, on the other hand, if both combine together, it is quite in their power to live happily together, thus making those around them happy too. At anyrate, if we have done our best, we may wait the result in peace : ‘Content,’ as the old philosopher Epictetus says, ‘with that which happens, for what God chooses is better than what I choose.’

Even those who cannot convince themselves that the Supreme Being intervenes in the daily duties of life, or would enable us to neglect or defy the laws of the universe, may yet feel in a larger and a wider sense,—

‘So Providence for us, high, infinite,  
Makes our necessities its watchful task,  
Hearks to all our prayers, helps all our wants,  
And e'en if it denies what seems our right,  
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,  
Or seems but to deny and in denying grants.’

It is sad, indeed, to contemplate how much we have thrown away our advantages, and the terrible waste which we see around us of human labour.

Now, just look for one moment at our national expenditure. Putting aside such items as the Post Office, etc., what may really be called the expenditure of the nation amounts, in round numbers, to something like eighty millions sterling every year. Of this gigantic sum over thirty millions is spent in preparation for quarrels and wars with neighbouring countries. Twenty-six millions is absorbed in the payment of debt, mostly incurred by war, and only twenty millions remains to be spent in the Civil government of the country. Wars, therefore, past, present and future, absorb three-quarters of the whole revenue of our country; but even this is not all. Of the Civil Service expenditure nearly ten million is absorbed by law, by police, and so on; so that, out of the whole eighty millions, nearly seventy millions is required in consequence of quarrels and contentions of one kind and another. Nor does even that complete the sad account, because to it we should still have to add all the local expenditure on police, law, criminals and prisons.

Fancy, then, in Ruskin's words, 'What we should have had around us now if, instead of quarrelling and fighting over their work, the nations had aided each other, or if even in their conquests, instead of effacing the memorials of those they succeeded and subdued, they had guarded the spoils of their victories. Fancy what Europe would be now if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks, if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans, if the noble and pathetic architecture of the Middle Ages had not been ground to dust by mere human rage. You talk of the scythe of Time and the tooth of Time;

I tell you Time is scytheless and toothless ; it is we who gnaw like the worm, we who smite like the scythe.'

We cannot all of us affect the policy of nations, we can do little, perhaps, to prevent war, or to secure the peace of Europe, but we can everyone of us do much to drive away discord, malice, and hatred, and to promote harmony, unselfishness, love, and happiness in our own homes ; we can all, if we will, keep our own hearts in purity and peace. Every Englishman's house is his castle, and within the castle he has an inner sanctuary, in his own mind, into which he may retire from the storms and struggles of the outer world, when he may escape from the cares and anxieties of life, when he may commune with all the great and good men of past ages, and enjoy that perfect peace which passeth all understanding. In it he can transport himself to the most distant bounds of time and space, he may recall the happiest moments of his past life, and by looking forward to the prospects of the future, almost make this world a paradise itself.

Without love and charity and peace of mind, we may be rich or strong or powerful, but we cannot be happy ; without them, Heaven itself would not be Heaven at all ; with them, we may all be happy, everyone makes himself an angel, and all our homes heavens.]

*MUSIC.*

BY

THE REV. CANON BARKER.



## Mus ic.

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It is not among the easiest duties that we are called upon to discharge to deliver what upon the paper is called a lecture, in the midst of such interesting proceedings as those which appear on your programme, but, at the same time, the ten minutes at my disposal ought undoubtedly to be turned to some advantage, although the difficulty of utilising ten minutes is great, because the range of subjects upon which we might treat is so large, and the audience which I see before me is of a mixed character. It is not, therefore, a little difficult to select a subject upon which to speak a few words. The words I am about to speak are in relation to Music, and I want to point out this afternoon the important and unique part that Music plays in the education of a people, and in human progress, and in the consolidation of society. Music has before now been spoken of as one of the most educational methods that we have at our disposal in the world. Let me make clear what I mean. Music is a language by itself. Perhaps it is the most perfect language that we have to express the deepest aspirations of our hearts. Some of you may have heard of the 'unknown tongues.' The unknown tongues, in the early

days, were not languages known to peoples, but were modes of expressing deep emotion, for which no ordinary language was adequate. So, I say, that Music is a language by itself, and enables us to express, enables us to give force to those deeper feelings of the human heart which struggle for expression. I do not know if in this room there are very many musical people. Those who are musical will at once know to what I am referring. Musical people are always thoughtful, for they cannot sing, neither can they understand music, or play it appreciably, unless they feel deeply. Now, I daresay some of you know the music of Chopin, and I want to quote his music as an illustration of what I am now alluding to. The leaders of literature, politics, science, and art used to assemble round the piano of that great composer, and every single one of those persons, representing so many different degrees of thought, admitted that Chopin expressed for them ideas, and thoughts, and emotions which no other language and no other method was equal to.

I daresay some of you have heard of the celebrated authoress Madame Sand. She gained enormous influence over this composer (and the influence of Chopin over her was enormous), and she said that she had been struggling throughout her life to give expression to the ideas which the musical notes of Chopin enabled her to express. Let us apply that to the deep things of life. Religion is a deep thing. Religion is the language of the heart, and Music is its perfect, its truest expression. There is no religion if it does not touch the heart. When it becomes a mere matter of the intellect, it is but a philosophy; but

when it touches the heart, it is a religion. Now, most of you have read your Bibles, and I suppose no part of the Bible is so well known to you, and perhaps there is no part of the beautiful writings so high from a literary point of view as those compositions which take a lyrical turn. Take, for instance, that marvellous song of Deborah, which some of you may have heard read last Sunday. That song did more to emancipate a people, did more to consolidate them into a great nation, did more to put them on the road to greatness than all the laws of science; or, take another great song, the *Magnificat*. That *Magnificat* (the Mar-seillaise of the Church of God) has done more to stimulate human hearts than all the theology put together. Burns and Scott did more to mould the mind and the moral life of Scotland than anything else besides. There is no single Scotchman who does not know something of Burns, and who is not familiar with some of the writings of Scott; and shall I say that the singing of Chaucer and of Tennyson has had no effect upon the moral and spiritual life of England? The man who said that he would rather write the songs of a nation than its laws spoke a great truth, and also enunciated a great logic; for it is not the laws that make a people, it is her songs which make her sentiments, and laws are only an expression of sentiments.

Let me speak a word about religion. Some of us have passed through many phases of religion. All thoughtful men and women have had their phases of religion. Your deepest and most noticeable phases of religion have not been those through which you have passed in ordinary circumstances.

I believe that those deeper phases have been spent in solitude, during some great trial, in the midst of some enormous temptation, when you have been subjected to some great strain, when the mind was not quite certain as to verities ; those are the moments when you have felt most deeply the power of religion. I am going to ask this meeting whether any book that they ever read has ever helped them to express or to put into definite form those deeper emotions and expressions of the human heart. I trow not. This I do know, that some of our deepest thinkers, and some of our most spiritually minded, have found a meaning and interpretation of those deeper emotions of the heart in the handbook of Nature. And my belief is that when the Church utilises aright that great handmaiden of religion, viz., Music, we shall have made an enormous advance in the religious education of the people, and in the raising of their moral and spiritual life. Therefore, I am not at all reluctant to stand upon this platform this afternoon and to endeavour to speak the few words which come between the songs of those gifted singers and the masterpieces of Mendelssohn and others.

During the last twenty years an immense advance has been made all along the line. During the last twenty years improvement has been perceptible almost everywhere. I wish I could say that I believed religion had been going on at the same pace, and that there had been the same progress in real religious thought as there has been in every other domain. But why is it ? Man is a human being governed by ordinary laws, influenced by his nature.

In the past, religion has been made so dreary, her services have been so uninteresting, her discourses, in a large measure, so unpractical, that men and women of thought, and of intelligence, and of culture have sought their relaxation of mind and heart elsewhere. Now, the great Church of Rome, which still wields great power, knows the enormous effect both of Music and of literature; and the English Church is beginning to perceive that, if she is to keep and retain the affections of her sons, she must render her services to Almighty God in the best way that is possible. There was a time when we imagined that perfect music and good music in Church was a disgrace to religion. I recollect, in my boyish days, going to St Paul's Cathedral and being ashamed of the way in which the service was rendered. But during the last fifteen years, when that great and gifted man, Sir John Stainer, undertook the organisation of the musical service, I appeal to any lover of music to say whether, during the time he held command over the music, the service in St Paul's was not amongst the most elevating and spiritualising of any service in the whole world. What has been the result? We, who have the honour of dining once a year with the Canons and Dean of St Paul's, know how they are always congratulating themselves on their improved congregations, on the great concourses they have under the dome. I know that they are all very able men, but it was Sir John Stainer's introducing those beautiful services which first drew the people to St Paul's, and when once they had been drawn there, they became *habitués* of the Cathedral. What is the purpose of all this? People seem to me to be

carried away by so many prejudices that they never seem to make any progress. The object of all this is to educate the human being ; it is to make him a wiser, happier, and better man. You know as well as I do that unless our minds are interested, and unless our hearts are interested, we make no perceptible progress in anything whatever. I think it was Dr Johnson who said that 'it is quite possible to go through a regular course of study, but unless in the course of that study there is some surprise, there is no awakening in the human mind.' What he meant was this, that you and I require to stimulate the dormant faculties of our soul and mind ; they want wakening by surprises, and it is nothing but what is excellent will create that surprise. See a congregation, ordinarily half of them asleep, half of them listless, half of them anxious to be out of the building, do you suppose they would feel in that state if their minds were interested and their hearts were engaged ? Not at all. So my argument this afternoon is this, that there is nothing in God's Word, in art, science, literature, music, oratory, rhetoric, philosophy, which ought not to be brought in and made to do its work in the elevation, spiritualisation, and purification of men's minds. God grant that we may see our way to interesting the mind.

Take, for instance, the education of young men. When they leave their ordinary school, they think, if they go to a college or a night-school, that it will be the old drudgery and toil which they will have to go through, the same dull round of drudging work. But have we lost our genius, have we lost all human power, that we cannot all gain that most interesting thing in the

world, which is knowledge—the knowledge of what is interesting, what is stimulating? I say that man is the best teacher who succeeds in stimulating and stirring the innate capabilities that are in all men, and I trust and pray that the Church may soon begin to lead in the van in stimulating and creating a loving interest among men and women in things which are high, in things which are pure, in things which are good, in things which are divine. And I conclude thus: Do you mean to tell me that a person, when he becomes a little educated, prefers the bad thing to the good thing? Do you suppose that a person will be satisfied and contented with music such as is to be heard in music-halls and places of that kind? Would the people be satisfied with that if their tastes had been moulded and their minds educated to what is higher? And the more religion is bound up in us, the higher become our thoughts. But what is religion? My answer to that great question is: Religion is the bringing of the human heart into true relation with God. That is religion. And when a man once has begun to realise and recognise the God that made him, the Saviour who redeemed him, and knows that he is liable to Him, then there begins the religious life. Religious life begins from within; but you must stimulate that which is within. The song that you have heard, the music to which you will listen by-and-by, will no doubt touch chords which nothing else would touch but Music. And we want these chords touched, for they are the deeper chords of our nature. God grant that this glorious land of ours may know something of the song, and something of the

hilarity, and something of the enjoyment of those who live in Southern climes, in Italy, and in Greece. Travelling through Italy and Greece the year before last, how deeply I was struck with the whole life of the people, and I hope, please God, that a taste for Music will be created here. I hope that the Church will utilise that great instrumentality, and that the day will come when men and women will throng to our churches and cathedrals with as much delight as they now throng to places of amusement, and gain therefrom the knowledge of those fundamental principles upon which alone we can live the life—principles which alone, it is conceded, tend to our eternal happiness.

*THE HEALTH OF THE MIND.*

BY

DR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.



## The Health of the Mind.

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I do not feel myself an old man, and I would not have my enemies say that I am an old man, but I am old enough to remember well the events of the past fifty years in this kingdom, and indeed the lapse of that time seems to me as nothing. I look back upon the days of fifty years ago as if they were but of yesterday, and yet the look back enables me to fix my mind on certain great changes which are so remarkable that one could not have anticipated them under any circumstances; and none other is more remarkable than that which relates to the health of the people, and the great change which has taken place in the management of those of our unfortunate fellow beings who, though not physically dead, are yet dead mentally. I mean those whom we call our insane population. At the early period of which I speak, 1840, the health of these mentally afflicted was by comparison better than what it had been in previous years and ages, yet in a deplorable state compared with what it is now. Then the death-rates in many of our large towns were almost double what they are now. Some diseases of which we scarcely hear a word to-day were then carrying off people wholesale. I will name one disease, typhus fever. In the early

days of my professional career that disease was very common, although it is now seldom met with. With regard to the treatment of the insane, nothing could have been sadder than that which then went on. I remember well the time when the insane were treated no better than the lower animals. I remember, myself, climbing on the wall of a barn to see a poor insane creature, a member of a wealthy family, who had been literally tied hand and foot to one particular bar or post for years, and fed even less regularly than the favourite dogs and other animals of the family. Now, all that is changed, and a beautiful system of treatment, in which restraint and all cruelty are put aside, has been established as the result of the enormous improvement of the nation in this matter. But while we have been making great advances with regard to the treatment of our bodily diseases, and with regard to that extreme form of mental disease which we call aberration of intellect, or insanity, we have not made a similar advance in relation to the diseases of the mind, *i.e.*, those diseased conditions of mind which are within the bounds of sanity, which belong to persons who are called sane, and which, indeed, are general throughout the kingdom. As yet this subject of which I treat to-day—the Health of the Mind—is largely a sealed book. I think I myself was the first person who ever used the expression, and that not very long since; and this, therefore, is quite a new subject to be considered, to be learned, to be thought over, and, finally, practically to be acted upon. You must therefore excuse me if I speak of matters which are so *modern* in thought that they seem strange to the ear, yet at the same

time they are extremely simple. There is nothing that anyone in this audience should not understand in the health of the mind—the good health of the mind, and the bad health of the mind. I would like to point out that there are certain conditions in which mind and body act so closely together that it is very difficult to say what is the root or foundation of the diseased conditions. I will just take a simple illustration. I will take that aberration or disease of the mind which arises from the use of one agent, that is, strong drink, alcoholic beverages. Persons who take strong drink in too great a quantity become diseased in their bodies, that we know. They become defective in their digestive organs, become confirmed dyspeptics ; it carries off 50,000 a year in England and Wales alone by physical disease ; but many persons also become affected in their mind. They become affected with various diseases, such as *delirium tremens* and drink craving, and in our asylums we find the worst form of paralysis brought on by that. Here we have an agent which is producing, besides the physical influences on the body, influences which tell also on the mind, through the brain, and here we have a compound condition which we cannot very readily settle. I might illustrate other instances of this, but I wish to dwell upon those diseased conditions of the mind which are removed from anything so complex as that.

I want, first, to tell you that what we may call the diseased conditions of the mind have a very close analogy to, indeed are almost identical with, what we know exist in disease of the body. Body and mind we have always understood to be closely connected, but how closely

is never understood until we see the relations of them in regard to diseased conditions, and in regard to the causes leading to this. We say, for instance, in regard to our health, that we are in bad health, that something has produced bad health; we have taken some food that has produced some conditions of discomfort, and we are not well for the day. So we say of some person, that man is not likely to be well, because he is so uncleanly and so irregular in his habits. Just the same with regard to the mind. We suffer from what the mind feeds on in mental derangement or aberration, just the same as a disease of the body arises from some improper food; for, please remember, that it is not simply the stomach that feeds—the mind feeds. I take so much food, and I feed by what is called the stomach or the digestive system. But, then, my brain also feeds from other stomachs or points, from which it takes in food from the outer world: I feed through my eyes, my ears, my taste, my smell, my touch—all these through which I feed are pouring into me food from without—and if the things which I receive in this way are not healthy for me, then I suffer, and my mental appetite suffers as my corporeal does. Thus we see that the mind is made suffer in the same way as the body. How often we say of persons, how strange that they should live in such a place as that, so poor, so filthy, so wrong to every sense! Why is it so? Simply because they have been trained to it. Some people become so accustomed to their surroundings that when you put before them more beautiful things—things to which they have not been accustomed—they unheedingly pass by, unable

to appreciate them. Our forefathers would have laughed at many of the things we use now. They would have said we were not brought up to know anything about them ; we would prefer our own rough and ready life. They became accustomed to what they grew upon mentally, and so their minds became wanting in some respect. In like manner, we find persons who become accustomed to certain sounds. At the period I mentioned there was a common practice of using profane words. The people got accustomed to those common, vulgar, profane words, until at last there was no rebellion against them at all. I have heard it said of one of the most distinguished statesmen of that time that he scarcely ever gave utterance to anything that was emphatic without an oath. Now, the man who conducted himself in that way would be considered outside the pale almost of civilisation, and yet such was the effect of custom that the mind was at that time dead to them. To-day, to some extent, and I fear to a large extent among the lower classes, we find the use of these vulgar words common enough. Men say words of which they take no account, to which they attach no real meaning, and yet we know that they signify a low state of mental cultivation, a bad or diseased condition of mind. So it has been with regard to the taste of things that we take into our mouth. Time was when the worst things we can think of were considered very delicate to the taste, and to this day some men, rich, healthy, powerful, indulge in tastes and pleasures of the palate which show the worst possible conditions of the mind. Having been trained to it, they have fed upon that taste, and so they have

become deranged in that respect. There is a mode of life leading to mental disease or mental disaster as there is to bodily disease. But, then, there is another point: We know that there are certain diseases of the body which are contagious in their nature. They pass from one person to another. These diseases form a large portion of the maladies of the kingdom. Of the 500,000 who die in England and Wales, nearly 105,000 die of certain contagious diseases, such as measles, smallpox, scarlet fever. We say they are *contagious* diseases. Just in the same way we have contagious diseases of the mind, and we want to withstand these contagious diseases, because they form a class of the diseases of the mind which is very serious in its import. You say, a contagious disease of the mind? Yes. Sometimes, in past ages, they have afflicted vast multitudes. In the Middle Ages there was a mania sprang up called the 'dancing mania,' in which people actually danced themselves to death by hundreds of thousands; but that extreme form of contagious disease passed away. There is a contagious disease in some parts of the world at the present day called duelling. As a contagious disease, you have something that is very extreme that first brings it on, and then springs out, as it were, an eruption, which comes on from almost any cause. A French physician has observed that duelling will begin from an extreme quarrel, and then two men will fight, and then there will be a duel from a very much slighter cause, then the whole matter will pass away, but it will be revived again after a time. So with regard to suicide. In the time of the First Napoleon, one sentry hanged himself in a sentry-box, and a few weeks

after that, man after man hanged himself in that same sentry-box, until it was destroyed. We have similar instances of this mania in our own country. Those railings round the Monument, and on the bridge by Highbury, are indications of this form of contagious disease. So it is in regard to various delusions that spring up, such as spirit-rapping and others of that kind. They come up in a day, and spread through society, until at last there is a great fever of it, and then it subsides. These diseases sometimes lead to mental aberration which is death. You see the same thing at the present time in the contagion for amassing money. It is a perfect mania to get wealthy. Men try at the present day to get wealth, which they cannot by any means lay out upon themselves, merely possessing the desire to have, at all cost, more money than anybody else. This is the wretched running after the golden calf, looking merely after the gold, until in all classes the mania is spreading for the useless hoarding of treasure, which can be for no purpose unless it be the very worst to which it can be applied. We have an analogy here between the health of the mind and the health of the body. Then, again, with regard to physical exhaustion. We get something which gives us great anxiety, like a blow. So in the case of mental shocks. We sometimes subject our young to mental shocks from which they never recover. At the time we think nothing of it, it passes by, and yet from these mental shocks the most terrible consequences sometimes ensue. As an illustration, this has occurred to me: A little boy of very nervous temperament had a tutor. The boy was afraid of almost everything,

but always had confidence when the tutor was present. One day the tutor took the lad out to bathe in a place where they had been many times before. The poor child was always afraid of one particular spot where the water was very deep. The tutor foolishly thought that he would cure the boy by a shock. He took him up and threw him into this particular part of the pool, and himself jumped in at the same moment ; but such was the mental shock on that boy that, during the whole of his life, he was a simple imbecile, and finally died a victim of continual fear. Now these mental shocks are constantly going on ; sometimes they take the form of practical jokes, and they are affecting and breaking the mind by shocks, just as the body is broken. Then, again, we have in life often to see amongst physical diseases something that is produced by what we may call aberration of occupation. Put a person who is weak to some occupation for which he is not adapted, give him some kind of work which he cannot carry out physically, and you will see some disease spring up from that cause. You constantly see deformity in persons who cannot carry weights, and all through our sphere of occupations we see some derangement from false application of bodily powers to bodily work. Just in the same way with regard to our mental occupations. We take a man who is of an active and vigorous mind and put him at a desk, and make him sit moping all day over that which he neither fully understands nor fully masters, and he is sure to break down. As we see in the physical life many beings overworked in the extremest degree, and breaking down under the labour to which they are subjected, so we see

just the same thing in mental life. What is the saddest of all is that we force it upon the young. We take the young, who should be simply devoting all their powers to the nourishment of the body, and we force into them work of a mental kind which they would be utterly unfit to perform, even had they arrived at the fullest prime of life and vigour. We try, in fact, to put into the pint measure of their brain what would fill three or four pints, and we wonder then that they go wrong afterwards in their education. Through all classes of society this is progressing. Amongst the poor it is being too largely carried out in the Board Schools. Too much is being forced into the minds of the children there. And amongst the richer classes the demands that are made on the young to pass examinations are absolutely fearful to contemplate. And yet how foolish is it? We have seen in the past our greatest men, our Farradays, and our Stephensons, and men in all departments of life, progressing in the highest rank of mind that can be, yet with the simplest education. The danger now is, that great qualities will not develop in minds exhausted in childhood.

Then, finally, we see in life a number of diseases which spring from what is called hereditary causes. We see a person who suffers from consumption or cancer having children, who in turn suffer from these diseases, and we talk of the intermarriage of disease. In many cases, on inquiring into the origin of disease, we find that it has been transmitted from parent to child; there was no selection, no thought as to continuity and lineage. It is just the same in the mental world. Some curious facts come out. Dr Eli Harris, of New York,

together with Colonel Dugdale (two prison inspectors), relate how they found in a number of prisons a great many persons of the same name (they called them Dukes). They made inquiry into the cause of this, and made the strange discovery that in the year 1788 a man and woman settled in New York, whose progeny, brought up to crime, had branched out in all directions, living in much the same conditions. They calculated how many dollars had been expended by the State in the support of this one family from the two wretched settlers, by whom crime had been conceived, and from whom it descended by heredity in this way. At the present moment there lie under sentence of death, at Crewe, two boys, for the murder of their own father. What shall we say of them? Shall we lay all the blame of the terrible crime upon their shoulders? No. There was the heredity of crime. There was the father, who himself suffered, the man from whom a large amount of the crime which led to the parricide descended, from the manner in which he taught those boys—taught them to be what they became. Here we get again analogy in crime—the heredity of a diseased mind coming on in the same way as disease of the body.

And now, in conclusion, what is the remedy for all this? What is to be done? What are the points we are to bear in mind? First of all, mental cleanliness—purity of mind as well as purity of house and of home. Such purity as everyone can cultivate—purity of mind in speech, in word, in act. There is no hardship in this; it is one of the great means by which the mental improvement of this age and generation shall be effected.

Next, removal from sources of contagion ; removal from all things which lead to mental aberration, such as gambling and quarrelling, and the avoidance of all that which leads unnecessarily to shock and confusion of mind. *That* everybody can follow and think of in his daily life. And then the selection of proper mental conditions for various occupations. There are no parents who cannot be seeing how their children appear before them from day to day, and ascertain the tendency of the child ; and yet how little this is thought of. A child always shows that point towards which he should turn, and for the parent to discover that, and select an occupation which will give happiness through life, is a work of the noblest and highest kind for parental sympathy and goodness. Then, again, there is the saving of the young from over mental work. This can be carried out largely by all parents, and it should be insisted upon that in our great public schools the brain is not overtaxed in its earlier stages.

And lastly, and this first of all, there is something to be borne in mind in regard to selection of those who are going to be married, and to be the fathers and mothers of children yet unborn. The day must come when more attention will be paid to this, when neither wealth nor position, nor anything else, will stand in the way of a pure and perfect selection of all who are to be mated together, when the heredity will be as good as it is now bad.

Those are the practical points of my discourse to be borne in mind, and never were they wanted more than at this present hour. We sanitarians see with pride the great advances that have been

made; we see the death-rates falling; now not so many young die, and the old live to a long old age, so that our records are full of persons ninety and a hundred years of age, and the sanguine say: ‘The prophecy is true, there shall no more be an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days.’ But is it quite right that we should be so sanguine? Well, we who are the watchers on the towers are not so sanguine. We see that there can be a prolonged life, but is it necessarily a prolonged, healthy mental life? We fear not. We see that in many quarters danger is ahead. We see great social movements which may be disastrous if too rapid in their results, and we see consequences of a mental kind before us which are of a most serious character. We therefore press upon all members of the thoughtful community to think over the question of the combining of physical health with mental health, and to take care that with our good physical health we combine

‘The richest bounties of indulgent Heaven :  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love.’

*WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?*

BY

THE REV. FREEMAN WILLS, M.A.



## What is a Gentleman?

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WHAT is a gentleman? The word has been so much misused of recent times that the puzzle would rather be, What is not a gentleman? All sorts and conditions of people indiscriminately have been called gentlemen and ladies, and at last the abuse has grown to such a pitch that those who were the original possessors of those honourable titles have discarded them almost entirely, and not being able to find any synonyms, have simply called themselves men and women. Even when Lord Tennyson was writing *In Memoriam* he considered it necessary to apologise for the use of the word gentleman in relation to his friend—

‘And thus he bore without abuse,  
The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soil’d with all ignoble use.’

But there was an opposite mistake into which people fell in former days, and that was supposing that the name ‘gentleman’ was to be used only in the restricted sense in which we find it in the dictionary. In the dictionary, if you turn to your dictionary, you will find that ‘gentleman’ is defined as ‘a man of good birth.’ Well, I am afraid that a man of good birth is not always,

in the true sense of the word, a gentleman. An amusing story is told which, I daresay, the chairman knows very well, and which will be rather ‘a Joe Miller’ to him. I think it occurs in Robinson’s *Reminiscences of the Bar*. Two law lords were dining together, Lord Westbury and Lord St Leonards. Lord Westbury was a man who had under his tongue a gift of the most cruel and blistering sayings, and Lord St Leonards, who was not at all ashamed of the fact that he was of humble origin, seemed to present a good subject for the sting he possessed. In the course of dinner, Lord Westbury leaned across the table and said, ‘St Leonards, what was your father?’ Lord St Leonards answered, ‘My father was a barber,’ and Lord Westbury thought he had smitten him under the fifth rib when he replied, ‘It is a pity he did not make you one.’ Presently Lord St Leonards leaned across the table, in his turn, and said, ‘Westbury, what was your father?’ To which he replied, ‘My father was a gentleman.’ ‘Then,’ said Lord St Leonards, ‘it’s a pity he did not make you one.’

It is evident, you see, that even title—not only good birth, but even its hall-mark rank—does not always make a true gentleman. Money is said to make the man, but it certainly does not make the gentleman. The millionaire cannot buy this dignity with all his money bags, and the tailor with his best cut clothes cannot create it. There are some who seem to think that the gentleman is put on like a suit of clothes, and taken off and put away in the wardrobe at night. In the old farce, *Boots at the Swan*, the waiter says that he knows a gentlemen by his extremities, that is, the trade-

mark is his boots and his gloves. Carlyle coined the word 'gig-men'; and among the many absurd misuses of the word gentleman, it is recorded in the same book that I quoted from just now, Robinson's *Reminiscences of the Bar*, that a witness, being asked why he described himself as a gentleman, replied, 'Because he kept a gig.'

The conception of a gentleman is first found in the Bible, but, as Emerson notes, the word itself is not there. It is of later origin; and yet the adjectives derived from it are already antiquated. The old word 'genteel' is gone completely out of fashion, but it might still perhaps be applied to the man who kept a gig. 'Gentlemanlike' evidently describes only the simulacrum: there is no adjective charged with the full meaning. The ideal of a gentleman was formed in those classes which had the monopoly of education. All was in darkness below a certain level, and education over Europe up to a recent time made a sharp line of division between the masses and the classes. Those who were born to fortune were governed by the laws of honour. They dined together, they drank together, they married together, and they fought together, and you could not enjoy the proud privilege of exchanging pistol-shots or sword-thrusts with one of them unless you belonged to their order. But there was even then this element of democracy in the word 'gentleman,' that all gentlemen were equal: the wealthiest nobleman and the student, who had only his books and his sword, were on a perfect level of equality, for no man could be more than a gentleman. The word 'gentleman' expressed the highest standard of courage and truth,

courtesy and honour. It was a word in the superlative degree—no man could be more than a gentleman; and no man, being less, could be a gentleman at all. So that this was a very proud conception, and it made the poorest and most obscure man at his ease amongst the greatest, because he felt that they could be no more than he, both of them being gentlemen. And this feeling of equality was the origin, and caused the development of manners.

A similar feeling of equality has extended in later times further down amongst the people. The meaning and the application of the word gentleman has widened out with the progress of education. As the working classes have become more and more independent, and more and more masters of their destiny, that independence has reacted upon their minds; and the intermixture of classes in the Colonies, where labour and capital are brought closely together, has broken down the old notions, and innoculated the rest of the world with a sense of the dignity of labour; and so amongst the working classes there are many whose claim to be called gentlemen is as good as that of anyone in the realm. It would have been grossly bad taste to have selected such a subject if I thought that the members of this Institution—many of whom are young working men—could not share in the title of ‘gentleman.’ But everyone may lay claim to it if he have the true character, of which, in the course of this lecture, I hope to be able to give a slight outline.

The word ‘gentleman’ is a compound of two other words. It implies, as it has been pointed out, manliness and gentleness. So far as the members

of this Institution are concerned, I know they have manliness. They are able to box, and they can swim; they can run, and they can perform feats of strength and activity in the gymnasium. But this is not the sum total of manliness. Manliness means not being afraid to support your opinions, always speaking the truth, always standing up for what you believe to be right, always being ready to take the part of the weak and defend the absent, and not being afraid of man, or of what man can do unto you. Manliness consists in being master of yourself, and not cringing or playing the sycophant to anyone on earth. All this is truly characteristic of a gentleman.

But the ideal is not merely manliness, but also gentleness—gentleness that comes from education and refinement, and does not behave itself unseemly or aggressively. But let us try to get below the derivation of the word, to get at what is underneath it—at what is the essence of a gentleman. A gentleman is a man who has been taught from his earliest years to think of others before himself. He helps himself last at table, he puts himself last in grammatical construction, he does not say, ‘I and John,’ but he says ‘John and I.’ He stands that another may sit. He gives the path to another person, instead of forcing him out into the muddy road. He suffers inconvenience rather than inflict it upon others. And this unselfishness has its own reward in various ways. In a society where everyone is studying the convenience of everybody else, the consideration which is given is also received, and so everyone is better off. Unselfishness also saves a person from that painful feeling, self-consciousness. An

unselfish person is not concerned whether people are looking at him, or what his attitude is, or whether his legs would look better stretched out or crossed one over the other, or what he is to do with his hands. All these deep and overwhelming cares make a man outwardly awkward and inwardly uncomfortable. And so one who is not thinking of himself has ease of manners, and the exterior at least of a gentleman. Selfishness breeds affectation, and unselfishness breeds reality. A man once asked King James I. to make him a gentleman. The King said, ‘I can make you a knight, but God Almighty must make you a gentleman.’ King James was a wise man, and yet a fool ; he was right, and he was wrong. Be as you are, and you are a gentleman ; be as God made you. If a man is his real self, if he does not want to seem different from what he is, he possesses the secret of good manners. There is no ritual about good behaviour ; in society, it is simply to be content with what you are, and to be, as a consequence, composed and at your ease.

Another characteristic of a gentleman is connected with unselfishness. By going out of ourselves we obtain a perception of the feelings of others, and this is called tact or touch, which shrinks from inflicting pain, and is instinctively conscious of that which will hurt the feelings of others. If there is any infirmity or defect, a gentleman would as soon strike a foul blow as by the faintest allusion awaken the recollection of it. A vulgar person is always saying the most distressing things, and thinks, perhaps, he is very funny, and wonders his victims do not laugh. The essence, then, of a gentleman is unselfishness, and the laws by which

a gentleman is governed are the laws of honour. Honour implies perfect courage, honesty, truth, and good faith. It forbids anything underhanded or mean, such as listening at doors, or opening other people's letters, reading their correspondence, or breaking confidence. All these things would be impossible in a gentleman, and an honourable man will not believe them of others, except on the clearest proof, and then against the grain of inclination. Even men who did not care for anything in heaven or earth have been more scrupulous about observing the laws of honour than the greatest saints have been about observing the laws of God. Peers of the realm, in State trials, instead of being sworn, used to lay their hands on their breasts and say, 'Upon my honour.' I do not know whether that is altered now.

The laws of honour have happily survived the code which related to duelling, and although sometimes corrupted by the customs of business, are well understood among all classes. The members of this Institution, I am sure, would refuse to associate with anyone who was guilty of underhanded or dirty proceedings, and I think the growth of education, and the newspaper press, and the strict rules under which athletic sports are conducted at the present day, have made honour a popular possession, and have given to the people in general this claim to the title of 'gentleman.' In the great Tichborne case, the false Sir Roger said of one of the witnesses, Captain Polhill Turner, 'He is not a gentleman; he has risen from the ranks,' and Chief-Justice Cockburn afterwards, in commenting upon this wretched saying, remarked that among the sailors upon his own yacht he was able

to grasp their hands and feel that they were his equals. And if you are useful, unselfish, and think of others before yourself; if you are real, if you are manly, and at the same time gentle and modest, then whether you rise from the ranks, or whether you remain in the ranks, he is himself an impostor to the title who denies your claim to be called a gentleman. These may be thought levelling doctrines, but it is an honourable title to be called a leveller. Happy is he who is able to take hold of the classes and the masses and to bring them closer together, to exalt the valleys, and to bring down the mountains and hills. Happy is he who is in that sense a leveller: who can bring down to the people the grace, the chivalry, the self-repression, and the freedom from noise of the rich, for ‘a gentleman never makes a noise,’ and, on the other hand, can level up; can bring to the rich, to mingle with the beauty of the fashion of their lives, the sterling virtues of the poor, the brotherly sympathy, the ready help, the purity of life. For alas, those young men, the *jeunesse dorée*, who are brought up exotically, as it were in hot-houses, and kept pure from every knowledge of sin, up to a certain age, are then sent forth into a world steeped with every kind of moral contagion, a world in which virtuous men are the rare exceptions, and from their unacquaintance with vice they fall more readily and immediately. Far more purity towards women exists among the working classes than among the aristocracy and well-to-do. And when we have thus exchanged the virtues of the rich and the poor, the world will be more what it ought to be. The poor will have borrowed the graces of the rich, they will have borrowed those

accomplishments which add new pleasures to life ; and the rich will have borrowed the sterling, homely virtues of the poor, and both will have thus become liker Him who united in the highest degree the virtues of both ; who was rich, and for our sakes became poor ; who was, in the words of old Andrew Marvell, ‘the first true gentleman that ever breathed.’



*THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH  
AND STAGE.*

BY  
EDWARD TERRY, ESQ.



## The Relations of the Church and Stage.

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I FEAR there is some disappointment in store for you, inasmuch as I find, on referring to the announcement that the address which came into being simply as a twenty minutes Church Congress paper has by some species of evolution been transformed into the dignity of a lecture. It certainly had no pretensions, and my modesty will only permit me to designate it as a very brief and imperfect effort, and as such here it is.

At the outset I expressed my sense of the liberality of spirit displayed by the Congress Committee in the invitation to one who is so humble an exponent of the dramatic art. It was with a lively appreciation of the compliment conveyed that I, in the absence of a better man, and after mature deliberation, determined to comply with a request which is in itself an exemplification of the vast change that has taken place in the relationship of Church and Stage.

I am, as a Churchman, glad that the Established Church is, as in the past, taking the lead in this matter. Our friends the Dissenters will, I hope, copy the example set them, and not endorse the following paragraph which appeared recently in

a Baptist paper: ‘All the way along there has been held to be an antagonism between Church and Stage, but now this is to be reconsidered’—why not? It is never too late to mend, and surely it will do some amount of good to both parties. Churchmen will find theatres and actors are not so black as they are occasionally painted, and actors will have more reverence for their pastors when they find the bigotry shown towards them, as in the paragraph I have just read, has entirely disappeared.

Again, in the paper referred to the writer puts the question: ‘Has the Stage become religious or the Church theatrical?’

I, for one, am certain that there is no fear of the latter contingency; but surely this gentleman must admit that the former is a ‘consummation most devoutly to be wished.’

Finally, he asserts ‘The true Church of God neither wants the theatre, nor would accept its aid.’

Without going into the question as to which he considers the true Church, I must say the writer is in error. The Church, in years past, did accept the aid of the theatre, *teste* the Miracle plays; also a drama by one Ezekiel, who was called the tragic poet of the Jews, which is said to have been written shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem, the subject being taken from ‘Exodus, or the departure of the Israelites.’ The object was to animate his dispersed brethren with the hope of a future deliverance from captivity.

It is no less strange than true that in some of the announcements of ancient Catholic and

Protestant dramas we find quotations of chapter and verse as in a sermon, one being, 'Read the fifth of the Galatians, and there you shall see that the flesh rebelleth against the spirit.' Again, all authors agree that tragedy, which originated in Greece, became in due time a solemn feast, and, as it were, a religious ceremony ; and we are told that a play written by a follower of Thespis was so sad and realistic, and had such an effect upon the audience, that a repetition was forbidden. At the present time we have a survival of the religious play at Ober-Ammergau. I shall never forget the impression made upon me when witnessing a Passion play, and without advocating for an instant the performance of such plays in this country, I could not fail to perceive with what reverence the sufferings of Our Saviour were depicted, and the emotion, sympathy, and veneration exhibited by the audience.

It may seem a very strong assertion, and I may be considered as speaking from my own point of view as an actor, but I will venture to say that the Stage is a necessity of the times. It is the refined pleasure of the people, from the happy fiction of the scene and the consequent seeming reality, the action is, as it were, example, and precept is there enforced by its verification in poetical life. Then, as we may learn to practise virtue and avoid vice by the instructive lessons of the drama, cannot the Stage be made to answer the most useful ends ?

A perfect tragedy is one of the noblest products of human nature, and capable of giving the mind one of the most improving entertainments. 'A virtuous man,' says Seneca, 'struggling against

misfortune, is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with pleasure.'

May we not experience such a pleasure in witnessing the representation of a well-written play?

I know it has often been contended that the same satisfaction can be obtained by reading as by witnessing the performance of a play, or even more. That, in short, it is more enjoyable in the study than on the stage. I totally dissent from this view. Is there not frequently almost as much in the manner as in the matter?

Can it be urged, for an instant, that reading a sermon at home would have the same effect, and do an equal amount of good, as hearing it delivered by an eloquent preacher? Take those great divines who have adorned both church and chapel by their eloquence, attracting and swaying multitudes, leading them to better lives by the effect upon their emotions. Would the printed sermons of those divines have had the same result? I cannot think so.

Can it be said there are no sermons in Shakespeare's plays? The text abounds with them. In *King Lear*, what a picture is given of the sinfulness of filial ingratitude and of its punishment.

In *Othello*, does he not plead for temperance, in the words, 'Oh that man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains,' and 'Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.' Can any individual witness the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth* without almost sharing the remorse and horror of Lady Macbeth at her terrible crimes?

Mark the lesson and warning against over-

weening ambition in Cardinal Wolsey's lamentation,—

'Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king,  
He would not in mine age have left me naked to my enemies.'

Then note the effect upon an audience, ay, and frequently upon the players themselves, when a clever actor holds the 'mirror up to Nature, shews virtue her own features, makes vice scorn her own image.'

These great lessons are, of course, not limited to Shakespeare, but as our greatest and best known dramatic poet, I use his works for illustration.

The majority of dramatists have, however, written with the same purity of motive, from the time of Heywood, whose *Woman killed by Kindness* is a splendid example, to that of Addison, Colman, Oliver Goldsmith, Sheridan, Sheridan Knowles, down to the authors of the present day, of whom we may justly be proud. It may surprise many of my hearers to know that amongst the writers for the stage the clergy have been strongly represented, notably by Dean Milman, whose tragedy of *Fazio* is an admirable work.

That there are occasionally (I repeat, occasionally) reprehensible performances upon the stage cannot be denied. We sometimes feel the want of a dramatic censor; but as there are plays and plays, so there are pictures and pictures, books and books. Surely it would be as inconsistent to avoid the theatre for that reason as it would be to forbid the reading of books because of the folly and impurity of some of the works.

Primarily, of course, the object of the dramatic author is to amuse as well as interest his audience;

but there is one law he must strictly adhere to, which is virtue triumphant, villainy defeated. Woe to the author who deviates from this wholesome rule, for he is bound to wreck his play. I remember only one violation of the rule, and this the audience resented, and the piece was a failure.

Yes, I remember one other notable instance of a departure from this rule, viz., a play which has been largely patronised, particularly by clergymen, and frequently performed at church bazaars, in which the hero is an unmitigated ruffian, who kills the wife of his bosom, sacrifices his child in his passion, defies the law, attempts to murder the judge, and whose only redeeming quality is that he tries to kill his satanic majesty. Yet, in spite of all this, the play is generally received with delight, and rapturously applauded. I need scarcely say that I allude to the domestic tragedy of Punch and Judy.

In the East end of London, where melodrama is chiefly played, there is good work done amongst the poorer playgoers. I have seen rough men, women, and children weeping bitterly over the trials and sorrows of the hero or heroine, and these poorer playgoers, I am pleased to say, would be the first to resent any impropriety in the performance. Again, your regular playgoer is, as a rule, a sober man, and a fairly educated man ; for one who witnesses a wholesome English play has abundant opportunities of intellectual improvement, with this great advantage that the lessons are given, as it were, on the Kindergarten principle, and made amusing as well as instructive.

So far, I have chiefly spoken of tragedy, that being the highest form of dramatic art; but the same remarks will, in a lesser degree, apply to comedy, and even to that which is considered the lowest form—burlesque. As Aristophanes, in his works, satirised the vices and foibles of his time, so Planché, Brough, Byron, and Burnand satirised and corrected the absurdities and faults of the old-fashioned melodrama. I have alluded to occasionally impure plays, fortunately exceeding rare, and mostly, I am glad to say, of foreign origin, and I cannot help thinking that for these performances the clergy are somewhat to blame, by holding aloof from the theatre, and condemning the stage and its belongings, unseen and unheard, whereas by their very presence they might ensure propriety, from the respect due to their cloth. Let them not forget the lesson given in Puritan times, when the theatres were suppressed, and the general body of actors treated as rogues and vagabonds, and mark the result in the degraded drama of the Restoration, when the people, naturally rebelling against the suppression of a wholesome amusement, went to the other extreme, and supported a drama which was a disgrace to the nation. A mad answer to a foolish ordinance.

Thank Heaven there is no fear of a repetition of this state of things. Now and again there is an outburst of bigotry which, from sheer ignorance of the subject, is unscrupulous in slandering an honourable profession and a great art; but the good sense of the people revolts against the injustice.

I remember being once shocked by a clergy-

man in the Midlands, who, almost arrogating to himself the attributes of the Almighty, declared that the burning of a theatre and the loss of two lives was a judgment of God on such places of entertainment, forgetting entirely the calamities that have taken place in other buildings, notably the Cathedral at Santiago. Really, one felt tempted to exclaim,—

‘Oh ! for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun !’

As for the actors themselves, well, they are neither worse nor better than the majority of their fellow creatures ; they are subject to the same weaknesses, the same frailties, and are capable of being and doing exactly the same amount of good as the rest of the world. Actors are often spoken of as being thrifless and improvident ; well, if charity be want of thrift, and generosity improvidence, the actors must plead guilty, for the prime reason exists in their charity to each other ; and not only is their charity of this character, but it displays itself in that higher form which imputes not evil to others.

I reiterate, the theatre is a necessity in the social life of the people. At the present time there are over fifty theatres in London, catering for different degrees of intellect, but all representing pure plays. I have no doubt many of my hearers have never been inside the walls of a theatre, and have been told they are sinks of iniquity. To them I would say, judge for yourselves. It is not in accordance with British ideas of fair-play to condemn without a hearing. The drama has survived many, many years of unmerited

slander, and at present stands higher than ever it did.

In conclusion, I would quote Schlegel, the great German commentator, who, in his *Lectures on Dramatic Art*, says,—

‘The theatre, where many arts are combined to produce a magical effect, where the most lofty and profound poetry has for its interpreter the most finished action, which is at once eloquence, and an animated picture, while architecture contributes her splendid decoration, painting her perspective illusions, and the aid of music is called in to attune the mind, or to heighten by its strains the emotions, which already agitate it; the theatre, where, in short, the whole of the social and artistic enlightenment which a nation possesses, the fruit of many centuries of continued exertion, are brought into play within the representation of a few short hours, has an extraordinary charm for every age, sex, and rank, and has ever been the favourite amusement of every cultivated people. Here princes, statesmen, generals, behold the great events of past times, the philosopher finds subject for profoundest reflection on the nature and constitution of man. With curious eye the artist follows the groups which pass rapidly before him, and from them impresses on his fancy the germ of many a future picture. Age becomes young again in recollection, even childhood sits in anxious expectation before the curtain. All alike are diverted; all exhilarated, and all feel themselves for a time raised above the daily cares, the troubles, and sorrows of their lives.’ So says this great scholar. For these reasons, I say the Stage is the amusement

for the people, and whether the Stage is pure or degraded rests entirely with them, for remember,—

‘The drama’s laws the drama’s patrons give,  
For those who live to please, must please to live.’

*PHYSICAL TRAINING.*

BY

HERBERT GLADSTONE, Esq., M.P.



## Physical Training.

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I HAVE been asked to speak to you this afternoon on Physical Training, and in the brief space of time at my command I propose to give you a slight sketch of what is a very large and important subject. Many are inclined to turn wearily away from it. They say, we already hear a great deal too much about cricket and football. It is possible that we do, but I am not going to trouble you with any detailed remarks upon what may be called 'fashionable athletics.' It is a curious fact that the most perfect and scientific development of physical training that the world has seen accompanied the highest intellectual vigour in the history of Ancient Greece. The Olympian games, for example, were conducted under the strictest rules. Those taking part in them had to undergo systematic training for developing their constitutional and muscular powers to perfection. They acted in their contests according to the strictest rules of fair-play. They had to swear that they had trained ten months in the gymnasia, and that they would use no fraud or guile in the sacred contests. For a long time the only reward for the victors was a garland of wild olives, cut from the sacred tree of Hercules. The body was

dignified as well as the mind. The ideal character was perfect in both. Socrates and Plato were noted gymnasts, and the reverence of bodily prowess was such that that great Greek historian, Thucydides, writing of the reception on one occasion of a victorious general, said, ‘the government voted him a crown of honour, and the multitude flocked round him and decked him with garlands *as though he were an athlete.*’ The Romans followed the Greeks in their love of athletic sports. And here let me say that the modern English sportsmen can take a lesson. The Greeks were *performers*, but in the main the Romans were *spectators*. The intellectual athletics of the Greeks developed into the gladiatorial brutalities of the Romans. The human performers were frequently lower than the wild beasts with which sometimes they had to fight. The spectators were still worse. They revelled in bloodshed and cruelty, to the risks of which they were not exposed. It will be well if the football lovers of the present day will do all they can to save a noble game from degradation, and from disgraceful scenes of violence and disorder, for which the spectators are often more responsible than the players.

During the Middle Ages athletic training seems to have been greatly neglected. Partly this was due to the introduction of gunpowder, and the consequent decline of tournaments, and partly because there was no apparent need of it. Henry VIII. issued a statute against sports such as tennis and bowls, because he thought that archery would suffer from the pursuit of those sports. Nevertheless old English games were largely indulged in, and in the *Book of Sports,*

published in 1617, we find that archery, fencing, leaping, vaulting, and other sports were allowed even on Sundays. As the edict ran: ‘so as the same may be had in due and convenient time, without impediment to or neglect of divine service, and that women shall have leave to carry rushes to church for the decorating of it.’

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, close examination would probably show a somewhat high deterioration in the physique of the English people. The condition of the working classes was terribly bad, and they were frequently without sufficient food. Sanitary precautions were almost unknown, and the death-rate in the country districts was higher even than in the towns. The first man in modern Europe to make a systematic effort to improve the physical condition of the people was Frederick Ludgwig Jahn, born in 1778. After the battle of Jena, Germany was at the mercy of Napoleon. Jahn organised a system of national gymnasy, through which thousands of young men passed, and fitted themselves for the great final struggle which ended in the overthrow of Napoleon. Since then gymnastic training has been introduced into most military systems, and unfortunately England, in this respect, has lagged behind other countries, for not only have France and Germany paid far more attention to the subject than ourselves, and provided themselves with ample staff and machinery for the physical training of their soldiers, but also, because of having universal conscription, they practically pass the whole manhood of the two nations through their gymnasia. Now, it is not a pleasant thing to think that Englishmen are being passed physi-

ally by continental nations. We are still at the top of the tree, thanks to our national habits, sports, and pastimes, but this, man for man throughout the nation, will not continue without further effort on our part. And this leads us to the further question we so often hear: 'Are we now physically deteriorating as a nation?' The answer, I think, is in many respects, No. I am afraid, though, we have also to say, in some respects, Yes. The recruiting returns seem to point to the fact that in our big towns and crowded districts the physique of those offering themselves for military service is worse than it used to be. The number of rejections per thousand on account of bad health and bad physique is very much larger than it was fifteen or twenty years ago. This in itself is not conclusive; but scientific evidence goes to prove that it is the tendency of any race to die out when the conditions of life reach a certain point of artificiality and unwholesomeness. Just as Europeans cannot settle permanently and increase in India, just as the aboriginal inhabitants in so many parts of the world die out before what is to them the unnatural civilisation of Europe, so we are told by the best authorities that it is difficult in London to find a third generation of pure Londoners. The toilers of London tend to die out. They are always dwindling, from the unfortunate circumstances in which they live; but the process is retarded by the inflowing stream from the country or from abroad, and the vacancies are soon filled up. Now, what is this artificialism, and what are the general conditions that produce physical degeneration? I will only briefly mention some lesser causes of evil—lesser because limited in range.

First, habitual overeating ; secondly, irregular habits, and the use of narcotics ; third, habitual unnecessary use of stimulants ; fourth, unnatural and dangerously mischievous fashions in dress, and in particular in women's dress. Now this is a very serious cause of mischief, and can be demonstrated by the comparative immunity, in some respects, of the poorer women who, fortunately for themselves, cannot provide themselves with what I must be pardoned for calling, the fantastic necessities of the richer classes. In passing, I may observe that one of the greatest advantages resulting from the physical exercise which is now at last coming within the reach of girls and young women is the great improvement which it must make in women's dress. Paris fashions and physical exercises cannot be indulged in at one and the same time. Such are some practices which tend to produce degeneracy. I pass on to the graver causes, which are threefold, viz., bad habitation, bad air, unhealthy employments. Thousands of people are exposed to all three dangers. From crowded, confined lodgings they pass into streets never free from the taint of refuse, sewer gas, and mischievous smoke, and the inevitable want of freshness in the air of all great towns. They go on to the workshop and manufactory, to perform, perhaps, one class of monotonous heart-breaking work, or, worse still, to the dens and cellars where multitudes pass every day for a miserable pittance. Labour has been divided and subdivided until the action required involves merely slight mechanical effort, more wearying than the wielding of a sledge-hammer. Dr Crichton Browne tells us of girls in a button mill in Birmingham, whose sole

work is the perforation of bone buttons, who frequently pass into such a nervous state that when not at work they cannot keep their hands quiet. They can be seen shaking their arms about as they return in the evening from their work. Similar results follow other employments, involving no effort of mind or body beyond, perhaps, the movement of an arm ; and even in the case of superior employments, few can realise the physical strain on young women of standing for long hours at bars, or in shops, in an atmosphere more or less impure. Look at the round backs and the narrow, sunken chests of thousands of young men employed in shops and at work which involves little or no physical exertion ! The requirements of modern life have led to an immense increase in the sedentary, indoor, effortless employment of men and women. Some time ago, before machinery was so perfect, a worker had a variety of things to do, each requiring an effort of his intelligence, and calling many different sets of muscles into play. Now, the agricultural labourer is about the only man who pursues his calling as a whole. He, fortunately for himself, will do so until we have invented a machine which can cut hedges, dig trenches, plough, sow, reap, and milk the cows. Clearly we have passed into a state of things never contemplated by Nature. The constitution of the body involves constant waste and renewal, demand and supply. Our health depends upon the newness and the freshness of our tissues. If no muscular efforts are made, the tissues are not wasted and renewed in the same degree. 'Parts, when used,' writes Professor Parkes, 'grow; when not used, waste, and become small.' The

conditions of growth are that the body shall be exercised, and shall be supplied with food. This being so, modern employments, which bring so small a part of the body into play, which do not stimulate or strengthen the action of the heart and lungs, necessarily lead to weakness, flabbiness, and deterioration. Such being the case, what steps have we taken to restore the balance of Nature which we have wilfully disturbed? Hitherto we have hardly taken any at all. We have begun to spread physical exercises to some extent among young men and women. Have we endeavoured, in the first instance, to train the children to meet the special dangers of employment which would otherwise be their lot? I am afraid the answer must be, to no appreciable extent. We cram, examine, 'force' the children, but we ignore in a very fatuous way the fact that the child has a body as well as a mind, and that the healthy development of the body is essential to the proper development of the mind. The mysteries of the brain and the human intelligence are yet unfathomed; but that the brain is directly influenced by physical exercise is, I believe, admitted by all experts. Dr Crichton Browne, in his essay on the education of the nervous system, gives this striking instance. 'Modern observations have shown that the power of speech is, in right-handed persons, localised in the left hemisphere of the brain. When this particular part of the brain is affected by pressure, or rupture of a vessel, the memory of words or the power of expressing them is destroyed. When the injury is to a part in the right hemisphere of the brain, the power of speech is retained unimpaired; but in the case of left-

handed persons the condition of things is reversed. Loss of speech follows injury to the right hemisphere, and speech is retained when the left side is injured.' But, without going further into the physiological side of the question, it is clear that the stronger the frame of the general constitution, the better will be the chance to the lad or girl of bearing the hard, unhealthy conditions of effortless employment. We have not yet risen to the true appreciation of physical training, because we have not rightly grasped either its rational and scientific nature, or its new relation to intellectual and moral developement. People have assumed that physical development is mostly animal, useless, and dangerous rather than otherwise. They argue that the highest intellects have been accompanied by weak frames. They consider that sports and athletics interfere with the real business of life. In all this prejudice is to be found, as usual, some grains of legitimate apprehension. Every exercise of mind and body can be abused. Abnormal muscular development is undoubtedly a source of weakness. I think the original Samson would smile somewhat grimly at his nineteenth century rivals. The man who possesses much muscle beyond the strength of his constitution, cannot supply himself with the additional energy, or vital force, call it what you will, necessary to support his unnatural muscular development. At all times such persons have been slow and heavy. They usually 'run to seed,' and break down prematurely. That some of the finest intellects have been accompanied by weak frames is undoubtedly true; but few are prepared to argue that genius is born in physical weakness; and no

one can prove that these intellects would not have been more commanding if accompanied by sound bodily health. And in the case, moreover, of a few chief examples of high intellects in combination with physical weakness, it should be noted that the intellects are mostly imaginative. In these cases the works they have produced are of priceless value to the world; but what in one man is imaginative genius in a thousand others becomes morbid sensibility. In many respects, I have said, the physical position of the nation is not deteriorating. In some it is actually improving, but let us not point too confidently to the improved athletic records, and the generally fine condition of public schoolboys, university men, and those whose position and means give them every opportunity of getting physical exercise, and so of preserving health. To a great extent the athletics of the present day are the result rather than the cause of physical strength. I mean this, that the national sports are to a large extent confined to those who already have health and strength. Usually health and strength give the necessary qualifications. In schools and universities alike there are numbers of lads and young men whose physical weakness leads them merely to study, or what is worse, to pass a loafing existence. This question has been neglected; but if national physical training were rightly understood, it is precisely that class who would be taken in hand. It is not among the well-to-do class that urgent and special need for physical training exists. As I have said, the need lies in the crowded towns and manufacturing districts, in counteraction to lowering, unhealthy employments. Dr Roberts

has furnished us with most interesting tables, which I commend to the notice of those who think there is nothing to be done. He, first of all, gives us the average mean height and weight of about eight thousand boys and men, between the ages of ten and thirty, belonging to the artisan class, and then of the same number taken from the public schools, universities, and naval and military colleges. I won't trouble you with the details of the comparison, but the result is this : that the more favoured classes, by the time they reach from twenty-five to thirty years of age, have an average advantage over the artisans of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in height. With regard to the weight, this advantage is even more striking. It not only begins at the early age of ten, but it increases for the next ten years, so that an average young man of twenty belonging to the wealthier class has an average weight of 18 lbs. more than the average young artisan, labourer, shopman or apprentice, in the great towns. The same advantage is maintained in regard to chest measurement. The physical condition of girls and women has not been studied with the same accuracy. Doubtless, however, much the same comparative results would be given by scientific observation. I have now said enough on the urgent necessity which is upon us to counteract the unnatural conditions of life, which chiefly affect the class who have the least power to initiate and secure any improvement ; but let me by one or two illustrations impress upon you to what an extent Nature demands physical effort from each of us. I need not allude to the action of the heart, which, I believe, exerts a pressure of over twenty tons in the twenty-four hours ; but it is

calculated that a man's ordinary work in a day, say the work of a bricklayer or a letter carrier, involves an external use of muscular action which is equivalent to raising three hundred tons to the height of a foot. Consider what waste and renewal of tissue, what circulation and lung action of a strengthening kind this involves. Think of this fact, that the mere action of walking one mile along a level road means a force equivalent to the raising of seventeen tons weight to the height of one foot. Now, think of the numbers who from laziness or pure fancy take no exercise at all, and scarcely ever walk if they can help it. Nature means us to work, and provides health as the result of work. Think, then, of the unnatural conditions which you impose upon yourself if you fight against the provisions and the design of Nature. But I have hitherto spoken of the purely physical results of exercise and athletics. There is also the moral side. 'If one wishes,' wrote Rousseau, 'to work upon the understanding of a people, one must first work upon the forces which he has to rule—exercise his body, render it healthy and strong, in order to be able to render it wise and reasonable. Let him first be a man in animal spirits, and he will soon be one also in his reason.' Martin Luther was strongly impressed with the value of music and athletics, and music has always been in very close relation to athletics—and I may here mention that singing is in itself a valuable gymnastic exercise, and specialists tell us that phthisis is almost unknown amongst public singers. Wordsworth's lines, 'Shout around me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy,' were founded on instinct equally true from the physical

and moral point of view. But this is what Luther said : ‘ Music drives away the care of the harassed and overladen heart, and the temptations of vice. It makes men manlier, more fit for everything, and always cheerful. It makes them forget anger, injustice, and other vices.’ Solomon is on this point a most kingly schoolmaster. The virtues with which we are to furnish our boys are principally : Fear of God, patriotism, moderation, courage, and humility. With such weapons they are well fitted out for every strife, for they have a sound mind in a sound body. Physical exercise, and manly games and sports carried out rationally, without undue encroachment on other things, and with the strictest regard to courtesy and fair-play, tend altogether to develop the fine qualities of manliness, generosity, forbearance, self-denial, and self-reliance ; a man is materially aided to do and think less evil, to do and think more good. We owe it to the nation, we owe it to ourselves, to develop the best attributes of citizenship, and especially those of us whose circumstances are favourable are bound to do all in our power to make the lives of the artisan and the labouring millions of men, women, and children brighter and happier, healthier and more hopeful. All this ought we to do. We ought at once to develop in our elementary schools a system of national physical education ; the small, feeble bodies should be attended to as carefully as the undeveloped minds. A certain time per week, say two hours (not taken out of the recreation time), should be devoted to elementary gymnastic exercises, under proper supervision. These exercises should not require any undue effort or strain. They should be in no

sense laborious, but exhilarative and enjoyable. Such a system would cost a considerable sum to inaugurate, but once started it would work easily and cheaply, and repay its cost a thousandfold. What is the experience and the result of shorter hours of work for the adult labouring class? Why, that you can get as much out of a man in nine hours as you could in twelve, and at the end of the day's work the man himself is not only fresher, but he has three hours more available for his own rest and recreation. So it would be in the case of children. They would learn as much in the shortened time, and they would be laying in day by day a fund of health and strength, diminishing in them the predisposing causes of weakness and disease, preparing them for the hard battle before them, giving them a constitution which will not only enable them to do their life's work better, but will enable them to carry on their physical recreation, to keep strong, to be wiser and more virtuous members of a great nation. That is what we should do, through the Government, in the first place; and, in the second, we should do all that lies in our power to secure for growing lads and girls, as well as adults of both sexes, ample opportunities for physical exercise, especially in the winter months. About four years ago a few of us started a society called the National Physical Recreation Society, to organise voluntary effort in the spreading of physical exercise amongst those most in need of it. We affiliated most of the large gymnasia to our society, giving them challenge shields to be competed for, and certificates of the society to individuals deserving of merit. In return, we require the

voluntary service of skilled and qualified men to organise and train classes, or to act as instructors in industrial centres, mechanics' institutes, working men's clubs, and the various societies existing about the particular neighbourhood. So universally has this scheme been taken up that we cannot supply anything like the number of instructors that are asked for. It is surprising what an amount of physical good can be done even comparatively late in life. If we cannot add one inch to a man's stature, we can add several to the girth of his chest. We can improve his constitution, we can strengthen his limbs, we can do something to make up for the valuable time that has been lost before his physical training has been attended to, and we make altogether a brighter and more cheerful individual, less addicted to loafing about the public house, and in various ways, both morally and physically, a better man. Such has been the speedy result, at anyrate, of one practical effort in the right direction.

I have tried to interest you in some of the broader aspects of what is a truly national question, and I shall be well satisfied if I have enabled some amongst you to have a broader idea of the meaning and importance of my subject, however imperfectly I have dealt with it, and to see that physical exercise leads a man to honour and respect himself, and through himself to honour and respect others, and that, rightly understood and rightly applied, physical training all tends to bring out the larger heart and the kindlier hand.

*THE RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF  
SCIENCE.*

BY

W. LANT CARPENTER, ESQ.



## The Religious Aspect of Science.

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I HAVE undertaken to speak to you to-day for a little while on the Religious Aspects of Science, and it will be convenient for me to begin by explaining the sense in which I use the two words religion and science. Many of you, perhaps, are aware of a so-called antagonism between the two; indeed scientific men are not unfrequently charged with being wanting in religious belief; and, on the other hand, though less often than a few years ago, I am glad to say, ministers of religion are too apt to display in public a regretable ignorance or misapprehension of the methods and aims of science. It has always appeared to me that in this matter much mischief has arisen from a confusion between the terms religion, as used in the abstract sense, and theology, *i.e.*, a particular form of theological belief, more or less dogmatic in its character. About fourteen years ago in the International Scientific series of books, which is still in course of issue, there appeared a volume by Dr Draper of New York, full of the most learned research, both historical and scientific. It was entitled *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science*. I have always regarded this as a most unfortunate title; but if for religion the word

theology had been substituted, the contents of the book would have been well described. Some of you, I hope, are readers, and have access to libraries, free or otherwise, and to such I would name two other books, both of which bear directly upon our subject this afternoon. The first, by the author of *Ecce Homo*, is entitled *Supernatural Religion*, and its object is thus succinctly put by its author: 'Let us put religion by the side of science, in its latest and most aggressive form, with the view not of trying the question between them, but simply of measuring how much ground is common to both.' The second and more recent book is by Professor Henry Drummond, and is entitled *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. It is the outcome of the effect upon a highly intelligent man of regularly addressing two distinct audiences—a week-day one, upon the phenomena of natural science, and a Sunday one, upon subjects of a moral and religious character. Natural phenomena serve mainly an illustrative function in religion; the effect of the discovery of laws among them has been simply to *make* science, that is, to arrange them in an orderly sequence, and to show their dependence upon each other. The same crystallising touch is needed in religion. When we regard the uncertainty of current beliefs, the war of creeds, the havoc of doubt, is it not plain that the one thing which thinking men are waiting for is the introduction of law among the phenomena of the spiritual world? So far as pure science is concerned, no law can be anything more than an expression of the fact of the orderly uniformity of phenomena. The law of gravitation, according to which, as some of you know, myriads

of suns revolve in their orbits (as to which I shall say more presently) is simply an expression of the general fact that in God's universe every particle of matter attracts every other with a certain force. *Why* this should be so is one of those 'ultimate facts' behind which no scientific man has yet reached. Other instances of this I hope to give you, and of which it may be said, with all reverence, it is there that man comes face to face with the divine power. God has so willed it. From the religious standpoint, then, law is the expression of the way in which the Supreme Ruler acts. When, therefore, this conception is introduced into the spiritual world, we shall have a basis for a truly scientific theology, such as I have heard a plea for from many pulpits. The *method* of science-making is now fully established, and in almost all cases its natural history and development are the same. Just as chemistry, biology, and geology have gone through various stages of progress, so must theology. Some of its present systems are as full of catastrophes as the old geology of fifty years ago. Surely every attempt to introduce order and harmony into its conceptions should be heartily welcomed!

By science, then, I mean a knowledge of the facts and phenomena of the universe, considered in such a relation to each other as to bring out their interdependence and their mutual connection, as well as that law, order, and harmony which we feel sure exists, and which it is the province of the man of science to ascertain and demonstrate.

By religion I wish to be understood as implying a profound belief in what has not inaptly been called 'The force behind Nature,' a great First

Cause, a Being of infinite power, wisdom, goodness, and love, who reveals Himself not only through the outward phenomena of the natural world, but who speaks to us through our own spirits, and through the spirits of wise and holy men of all nations and of every age—the God whom Jesus Christ and His apostles announced to us, and taught us first to recognise and thus to love as our Heavenly Father, not the Jehovah whom the Jews worshipped from afar off with reverence and awe, but not with trust and love. Just as in our own bodies physical force is put in action, directed, and controlled by the individual personality, or Ego, so in the outer world God originates, and controls its forces, by His will.

Are these two ideas incompatible, then? Far from it; each, it seems to me, is the necessary complement of the other. Some months ago I heard in Westminster Abbey a remarkable sermon bearing on this subject, delivered to a very crowded congregation. The preacher was one of the most eminent scholars of his day, Canon Westcott, a man of whom it may in truth be said that whatever he touches he elevates to a higher plane. His announced subject was ‘The conditions of the coming of the Paraclete or Holy Ghost,’ and his text was taken from one of the last recorded addresses of Jesus Christ to His disciples, before His crucifixion: ‘If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you.’ One portion of his discourse impressed me powerfully, and I will endeavour to reproduce its substance. Knowing that I was to address you to-day, I wrote to Canon Westcott to ask if the sermon was printed, but he said it was not, and though he remembered the

line of thought, and very kindly looked for the MS. for me, he could not find it. He wished to show that in nearly every case periods of mental unrest and agitation preceded times of peace and joy and happiness, and he went on to give the following illustrations in support of his contention : 'None of you,' he said, 'can remember personally, although those of you who have read the history of the time can form some conception of the state of terror, unrest, agitation, and sickening doubt which prevailed a few centuries ago, when men began to see that the teaching of "the Church," with regard to the shape and form of this earth, was altogether wrong ; that it was not a flat surface, but a sphere ; that it was not the centre of the universe round which everything revolved, but only a very small speck in that universe. And yet,' said the preacher, 'when men at length began to realise that in this matter the men of science were right and the Church was wrong, what was the result ? A recognition that the power and goodness of God, as displayed in His works, were much greater and grander than what they had previously had any conception of. Again,' said the Canon, 'some of you will remember' (and here I felt myself personally addressed) 'about a generation ago, the agitation and excitement when the first undoubted evidence of the existence of prehistoric man was discovered, and it was shown uncontestedly that man had lived on this planet for many thousands of years before the date assigned in Archbishop Usher's *Chronology* for his creation, as well as that of the world. And yet, now this doctrine is quietly accepted by all who have any right to form an opinion upon it,

and instead of subverting our belief in the Bible, it has had quite the opposite effect. And coming to the present time,' said the Canon, 'do we not see abroad the spirit of unrest, and doubt, and fear as to the sapping of the foundations of all belief, because historical research and criticism tell us that we must recognise that the Bible is not one book but many, not written all at once, under the immediate dictation, as it were, of the Deity, and, therefore, that every word of it is miraculously inspired, but that it is a series of books, by many different authors, written at divers times and in very varying circumstances, and of necessity containing a large element of human error. And yet,' concluded the preacher, 'may we not anticipate with the utmost confidence that the time will come when, as the result of this also, our views of God will be higher and broader; when all the inconsistencies which have puzzled us, and given us painful doubts will be explained and cleared up, and the Comforter will indeed have come and dwelt among us.'

I think it may be safely asserted that those who are engaged in the study of Nature, if they study in a healthful and natural manner, will always in some sense feel the presence of God. The evidences of unity of design in what they study will at times come home to them, and give them a sense of awe and delight, and maybe of love also. Some of you may perhaps recall the story of the great astronomer, Kepler, to whom we owe the expression of the laws of planetary motion. When this great conception dawned upon him, after most prolonged and patient observation of the movements of the planets round the sun, he gave utter-

ance to an expression of devout thankfulness that he had been permitted to think the thoughts of God. Whether such men say ‘God,’ or prefer to say ‘Nature,’ or use some other verbal variation, the important thing is that their minds are filled with a sense of a power to all appearance infinite and eternal—a power with which their own being is irrevocably connected—in the knowledge of whose ways alone is safety and well-being, and in the contemplation of which they find a beatific vision. Worship has been well defined as an attitude which our human nature assumes, not for a purpose, but from an emotion, and the worship of the power of which I have spoken is not a worship of the individual forms of Nature, but of Nature itself considered as a unity ; of the universe, with all its marvellous manifestations of law and order, each forming a necessary part of one harmonious whole. Man himself is a highly complex phenomenon, and yet we conceive of it as a unity, the single total to which we give that name. Not otherwise is it with the universe ; when we realise it as *one*, we utter the name God ! Many have found that they received a new revelation of the sublimity of the Bible when first they learned to use the term God in what may be termed its natural sense. The Jewish sacred writings, known to us as the Old Testament, are full of passages expressing, in most poetic forms and in language suited to another age, the spirit of modern science ; and it has been well remarked that the Book of Job, not in occasional passages only, but also in its main object and drift, contrasts the conventional and, as it were, the orthodox view of the universe with the view which those obtain who are pre-

pared to face its awfulness directly. The discourses of Jesus Christ, again, as well as of His immediate followers, contain frequent references to, and especially illustrations drawn from, natural phenomena, as exemplifying the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Deity. To mention one or two instances, in more recent times, and not among scientific men especially, it may be affirmed of the great poet Goëthe that his genius was intimately connected with his religion, which gave unity and dignity to his life, worshipping as he did God in Nature—not this or that class of phenomena, but the unity visible throughout all. Wordsworth, again, who has well been called the saint of the religion of Nature, always declares that his optimism came to him, not from Christianity, but from Nature, and that Nature taken in the large inspired him with faith, because the contemplation of it filled him with a happiness which his mind could scarcely contain.

Now, it seems to me, and I trust also to some of you, that the more modern views of God have a reality and a freshness that were wanting formerly. It has been acutely remarked that to a certain extent we each evolve for ourselves our own conception of God from our inner consciousness ; and among people who think for themselves it might be difficult to find two whose ideas on the subject would be exactly the same. The first duty of religion is to form the highest possible conception of God. In the so-called orthodox times the name of God was almost confined to definite theological writings, or was used as part of a conventional language. But now, under the name of God, or Nature, or Law, or Science, the abstract con-

ception works freshly and powerfully in a multitude of minds. It is, no doubt, a crushing one, and prostrates us by the idea of a greatness in which we are lost ; it is what we might perhaps venture to call the 'Superstition of the true God,' in the sense in which Paul's audience on Mars Hill was 'too superstitious.' This idea, you will remember, had prompted some of the Athenians to erect an altar 'to an unknown God,' and we all remember, I am sure, the eloquent and impassioned address, on the 'God that made the world and all things that are therein,' which the sight of this called forth from the Apostle.

Permit me, in the few minutes that are left to us, as one whose privilege it is to know something of the methods and results of modern science, to direct your attention to one or two of the great generalisations which have been recently established tending to support this great and grand idea of unity in Nature, to which I have already referred. One of the most striking, perhaps, is to be found in the domain of astronomy. We are all familiar with the aspect of the firmament, both by day and night. Which of us, however, has any real conception of the size and distance of the sun ? Astronomers have demonstrated to us that he is more than a million times the size of our own earth ; that he is so large that, if he were a hollow sphere, and our earth were placed in the centre, there would be much more than enough room for our moon to continue in her present orbit around us, although she is much more than two hundred thousand miles away from us. We know that his surface, as we see it, is a mass of glowing vapours of many metals, and of other substances, familiar to us on this earth,

and that the spots we occasionally see on his surface are gigantic cyclones or storms in these vapours, causing cavities in them, into which many globes of the size of our earth could be dropped; and that, when these storms occur, instead of drops of gentle rain as on our earth, showers of melted metal are falling towards the centre of the sun. We know that the velocity with which light travels is so great that it traverses the ninety three millions of miles between us and the sun in about eight minutes, and yet we are told that the nearest of the myriads of the fixed stars which we see on a clear night are so far off that their light takes many *years* to travel to us, and that our sun's distance, great as it is, is used as the unit to measure their distance, just as a foot-rule is the unit for our pigmy terrestrial measures! Moreover, that most marvellous instrument the spectroscope, when applied to the telescope, demonstrates to us in the plainest possible language, when once we have acquired the key to it, that these far off stars are in reality suns, formed on the same type as our own, and containing the same substances, also in a state of vapour, and each probably attended by a group of planets similar to those of our own system. The attentive study of our own planets, again, has shown that they are all going through the same process of development, but that they are in different stages of it. Surely here is abundant evidence of unity and harmonious design.

That great principle, too, known as the conservation of energy, is another pregnant instance. It teaches us that throughout the universe there runs an all-pervading principle, a power of doing

work, which takes many and various forms, some of which we have long known under the name of the different forces of Nature—heat, chemical action, electricity, mechanical power, and so on. All these are mutually interchangeable, and one can be developed from or at the expense of another, but neither of them can be destroyed. It is beyond the power of man either to create or to destroy either matter or energy. He can transform both, but there his power ends. Just as all forms of energy are, as it were, variations of one, so the tendency of modern research is to show that all the different kinds of matter, as we know them, are but modifications of one and the same primordial stuff. Here, again, is unity. The labours of modern physicists, also, have convinced us of the universality of the movement of tiny particles called molecules, not only in gases and liquids, but in bodies which to all outward appearance are solid and inert. In everything that we see there is a perpetual state of movement or unrest, and it is mainly through this that outward phenomena manifest themselves to our senses, and by it, to quote only one instance, the chemist has been able to predict the discovery of new elements, and to foretell what their properties would be before they have been isolated and examined.

The laws of life are perhaps more familiar to you, and a little consideration will show you the unity of design running, for example, through the animal and vegetable kingdom on this small globe of ours. But I must not trespass longer upon your time and patience, and I will conclude this address with some sentences from an article by

the Rev. Charles Kingsley, entitled the ‘Natural Theology of the Future.’ In speaking of scientific discoveries and theories he says :—

‘Let us look on them with hope and goodwill, for they surely mark a tendency towards a more and not a less scriptural view of Nature. Are they not attempts to escape from that shallow, mechanical notion of the universe and its Creator which was too much in vogue, in the eighteenth century, among divines as well as philosophers—the theory, I mean, that God has wound up the universe like a clock, and left it to tick by itself till it runs down! Out of that chilling dream of a dead universe ungoverned by an absent God the human mind has endeavoured in vain to escape by many strange roads, because they were not laid down on the firm ground of scientific facts. Then, in despair, men worked at the facts which they had neglected, and their work, like the good work of all honest men, has produced, in the last fifty years, results more enormous than they even dreamed. But what are they finding more and more below those facts, below all the various phenomena which the microscope and the scalpel can show? A something, nameless, imponderable, yet seemingly omnipresent and omnipotent, retreating before them deeper and deeper the deeper they delve. Scientific men are becoming more and more aware of it, and I had almost said ready to worship it. More and more the noblest minded of them are engrossed by the mystery of that unknown and truly miraculous element in Nature which is always escaping them, though they cannot escape it. How should they escape it? Was it not written of old, “Whither shall I go

from Thy presence, or whither shall I flee from Thy spirit." Oh, that the clergy would summon up courage to tell that! Courage to tell them what need not hamper for a moment the freedom of their investigations, but which will add to them a sanctity, I may say a sanctity, that the unknown which lies below all phenomena, but which is for ever at work on all, is none other than that which the old Hebrews called by a metaphor, no doubt (for how can man speak of the Unseen, save in metaphor drawn from the seen), but by the only metaphor adequate to express the perpetual and omnipotent miracle, the breath of God, the Spirit who is the Lord and Giver of life.'



*SENTIMENT.*

BY

ARNOLD WHITE, Esq.



## Sentiment.

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AN apology is due for offering such a subject as Sentiment as a subject for consideration to a practical community. You are engaged in the work of the world. You are buying, selling, and otherwise taking part in the multifarious industries that together make this great city. But, as man does not live by bread alone, an occasional trip into regions without obstacle or boundary may enable us to pass some pleasant moments on a sentimental journey without quest after useful knowledge, without being tied by the restrictions of science, the limits of history, or even the exigencies of fact. For we may spread such rudimentary wings of fancy as a useful age has left us, and leave below and behind us every thought of utility and the matter of fact of work-a-day life.

The German philosophers teach us to define clearly the meanings of ideas labelled with the symbols we call ‘words.’ Sentiment, for our purposes, may be defined as identical with feeling, or quickness to apprehend, and sentimentalism is held to be the affectation of feeling. The reality of the one, whether in the nation, in the individual, in religion, in art, or in Nature, gives it an honourable place in the complex structure of our exist-

ence. The unreality and falsehood of the other, the simulation of virtue, and the hollowness and sham of pretence to a feeling which is not there, make sentimentalism a foe to manliness or womanliness, and are destructive of that simplicity which is, perhaps, the most characteristic mark of strength.

No student of history can fail to mark the far-reaching effects of sentiment in the relations of different branches of the human race. The history of England is the history of sentiment, and although the English are peculiarly averse to the display of emotion, and to the charge of sentimentalism, there is no nationality more accessible to the effects of true sentiment than our own. Take, for example, the relations of Great Britain with the Greater Britain beyond the seas. We have there, alternately, the history of sympathetic appreciation, of affection, and of loyalty, and the history of crass stupidity, of dull and unbending tyranny on the part of bygone leaders of the English people by which outrage has been done to the sentiments of kindred populations. It is held by some that in sentiment alone exists the bond of union between the mother country and her colonies. Though light as gossamer, they say it is as strong as steel. But is it as lasting as the rocks ? There is reason to believe that this assumption is founded on sentimentalism, and mimics sentiment in order to comply with the wishes of a section of thinkers. The relations between England and the Colonies in the past best illustrate the difference between sentiment true and false, as affecting nations or communities.

It was once said by Sir George Bowen that

England is wherever the English are gathered together. Is this true? If there be so real a community of feeling that Canada and Kent, that South Africa and Surrey, that Australia and the Isle of Wight, are one in national and imperial sentiment, in loyalty to the Queen, in affection for the institutions of the mother country, it is strange that both the goods and the emigrants of Great Britain are subjected by all the colonies to the same restrictions, duties, imposts and impediments as those laid on the manufactures and the population of Russia or of France.

Let us go a little deeper into this matter. The public opinion of the colonies is largely formed by men who have no British blood in their veins, and, in many cases, public opinion is formed by Irishmen who, from reasons of sentiment, justly or unjustly, regard England and the English not only without enthusiasm, but with indifference, or even with aversion. The French population of Lower Canada, alien in blood and religion, the French descendants of the former masters of Mauritius, or the Dutch colonists of South Africa, cannot reasonably be expected to revel in the recollections of the achievements of Blake, of Nelson, of Dun-donald, of Wellington, or of Clive. We English are not taught at school the achievements of Admiral Michael Adrian de Ruyter. If we were taught the achievements of the great Dutch seaman, the strain on our patriotic sentiment would be too great to expect anything but honest shame at the thought of the thrashing we received in 1672 in Southwold Bay, or at the recollection of the broom at the main truck of the Dutch admiral's flagship, which denoted that the British Channel

had been swept of the red-necked and blue-eyed English.

But sentiment may be divided against itself. Loyalty to the Queen, produced no less by the spectacle of a blameless life, by a lofty aim, and by a perfect example as wife and mother, is a binding influence alike on English, Scotch, or Irish, on Dutch Boer, on French voyageur, on Mahratta, Sikh, Tamil, or Hindoo. In loyalty to the Queen we have an example of healthy and manly sentiment for which men have gladly died. Of late years, Egypt and South Africa have seen many of those deeds which men will dare for the sentiment of patriotism, the love of Queen and country. Who is there who does not remember the action of the two young lieutenants of the 24th Regiment who saved the Queen's colours at the cost of their own lives, and who died with their face to the foe, with no man to help them? A plain white marble cross stands on the edge of a high cliff looking over the river Tugela, and on this cross is written the simple epitaph which records the nature of their deed and the purpose for which they died. These are the words: 'For Queen and Country. Jesu, Mercy.'

Zulus still live who tell the story of the company of Captain Younghusband, who, with his men, formed a square on the spur of the fatal hill, and there, hour after hour, through that hot January day in 1879, shed their blood like water, under a rain of assegais, until the last man laid down his life.

Loyalty and national sentiment, strong as they are, may, and often have been overpowered by religious sentiment. This was the case with the

fiery Huguenots, who fought so firmly against their own king, Louis XIV. This was the case in the religious wars of the sixteenth century. It was the case in the insurrection of the Catholic Flemings of Belgium against their Protestant compatriots of the Northern Netherlands. It was the case when the Puritans fought against the king. It was the case when the loyal Americans fought against the bigotry of King George, and the stupidity of Lord North. Loyalty may not only be subordinated to religious sentiment, but also to class and party feeling, as witness the atrocities that disfigured the earlier years of the Revolution, the anniversary of which the French inappropriately celebrate by the erection of a high tower. Localism and provincialism may destroy national sentiment, as witness the secession of the Southern States in 1862, the partition of Queensland and Victoria from New South Wales, the attempted disruption of the Eastern and the Western Provinces of the Cape of Good Hope on more than one occasion, and the cheerfulness, and even the avidity, with which some English politicians are prepared to contemplate the dismemberment of the Empire.

The very existence of the American Federation is the most eloquent testimony both to the effectiveness and to the ineffectiveness of mere sentiment as a preservative of national unity. The American Union was maintained intact—its flag ‘without a seam’—by national sentiment, but it was founded scarcely a century previously on as glaring a violation of that sentiment as it is possible to conceive. The American colonies of the seventeenth century had national extraction,

language, religion, a glorious history, the richest literature of modern times, in common with England. For a long series of years their sons had fought and bled on many a hard contested field side by side with the soldiers of the mother country, against Frenchmen and Red Indians. They had fought in wars waged, not in the interest of the mother country, but of themselves as against French supremacy on their own continent. The troops of England had assisted the American militia in more than one campaign, undertaken when England herself was at peace with France. American colonists had shared in the victorious expedition of General Wolfe, as they had shortly before in the disastrous one of General Braddock, George Washington's comrade-in-arms.

And yet, a few years later, these same American colonies united in a struggle of life or death against England, and entered into an alliance against her with France. The tea duties, intended to defray part of the war expenditure incurred in the defence of America against the French fleets and armies, exercised a solvent power against which all the consolidating tenderness of national sentiment was of no avail.

If the binding strength of national sentiment failed so egregiously, and if it is now held rightly to have failed with colonists of pure British blood, it is hardly reasonable to expect that it will, under similar circumstances, prevail with colonists whose history and traditions differ so widely from those of England as do, for instance, those of the Cape Dutch.

British colonists have struck for independence in the past when they fancied that they were

treated unjustly by the mother country, and probably they are quite as likely to do so in the future, should their interests not be kept in view by England in her negotiations with Foreign Powers, and in her foreign policy generally, in such delicate matters as the annexation of New Caledonia and of the New Hebrides, in discussions on Inter-Colonial Free Trade and Reciprocity, on Customs Treaties and the like. Such, at all events, is the conclusion I draw when I find that the ex-Premier of, perhaps, the most thorough English colony, a thorough Englishman himself, Sir Henry Parkes, in an interview a couple of years ago with a representative of a London newspaper, expressed himself as not very sanguine as to the permanence of connection between Australia and the mother country, unless a change were made which would readjust the relationship between the mother country and the British States of Australia to the altered circumstances. The Australians, he said, were loyal enough so long as they got their own way, but they would stand nothing in the shape of serious interference by the mother country.

It is indeed pretty clear that sentiment alone and by itself cannot be depended upon, even in the most purely British colony, to permanently resist the strain of governmental blunders, and of other disintegrating agencies.

Thus we have seen that, while sentiment plays its part in the formation of nations great and small, when sentiment and interest are linked, the force of the two is irresistible. But when sentiment and interest are ranged in opposite camps, there is hardly a passion which does not mate and master the passion of sentiment. If

this be true of nations, it is true of smaller societies, among which may be specially noted religious societies. Of the Puritans it was finely said: ‘On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt, for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.’

But if the sentiment of good was paramount in the religious society of the Puritans, the sentiment of evil was no less irresistible in strength in the society of Thugee, formed for the practice and the worship of murder.

The Nihilists were as indifferent to death as to profit.

The extraordinary socialistic sects of America, such as the Skaneateles Community, the Sylvania Association, the Sodus Bay Phalanx, the Philadelphia Phalanx, the Brook Farm, Brockon, and Oneida Communities, were as indifferent to ridicule as they were to reason.

The Spiritualists and Mormons each displayed in the United States the governing influence of an idea resting on sentiment as its basis.

Then we have the indifference to common sense in the case of those enthusiastic societies which replace God, Queen, and Country by abstinence from alcohol.

But we cannot spend all our time either in ticketing the antique, or pigeon-holing the curiosities of human unreason. Let us pass on to sentiment in the individual. The English as a nation naturally recoil against the outward expression of

sentiment. It is on record that a French paricide entered a plea of mercy to the judge on the ground that he was an orphan. The whining sentimentalism of France, of which Rousseau was the founder, has not only destroyed individual manliness and determination, but has become the foundation on which the modern French novel has been built. The crapulent and degrading ideals introduced into French social life may be regarded as the triumph of dishonest sentimentality over honest sentiment. The English are not wholly exempt from this, as witness the cry of mercy on behalf of a murdereress and an adulteress in the case of Mrs Maybrick. But, on the whole, we perhaps have erred in the other direction, in raising to a pedestal of admiration the statue of the practical man. He is a fellow who excludes the ideal from life, and who, for the most part, worships comfort, money, things: who is incapable of generous instinct, and who regards this world as the best of all possible worlds, and whose soul is on the verge of extinction.

As no wise man laughs at the sentiment of religion, it is probable that it is wiser to abstain from laughter at sentiment itself. There is nothing to be ashamed of in pity. I have seen a poor 'dosser' in a lodging-house, who, when he had paid for his fourpenny bed, left with nothing in the world but a penny, and this he gave to a friend in greater need than himself, unconscious that his great deed was being watched, or that it would ever be related to an assembly like this. If there be true sentiment in the wish to share with others the good we have, there is the false sentiment in the sor<sub>row</sub>

for others whom we wish to relieve at somebody else's expense, or in that sympathy for people at a distance, of alien blood, race, and colour, while our own sisters and brothers are shivering and starving at our doors. There is sympathy enough in England for dogs and cats, for fat black men at the ends of the earth, for anything and everything but the removable and unlovely sorrow which hangs like a pall over the fabric of society. If we were simply to do our duty we should be constantly helping others, but to go beyond our duty and express sentimental affections for the picturesque heathen in sunny climes is unreal and therefore untrue.

Ouida's epitaph on the dog that was drowned holding a bag of stones is a telling piece of satire on all but the best men. 'Here lies the body of one who died doing his duty. He knew no better; he was only a dog.'

Besides sentiment in communities and individuals, there is true sentiment in nature, animate and inanimate. There is a mountain in Colorado where the snow lies late in two deep gullies which intersect each other on the face of the mountain. A long way off, these two valleys of snow bear the appearance of a great white crucifix. No man can look on the mountain of the Holy Cross without being taken in imagination to a far off eastern land, where One died for sinful men who had nothing in His character that was not simple, and manly, and true.

In the young flowers of Spring, in the strength of the forests that streams up from the dark earth when winter time is over, in the strains of music, in art, in the sound of water in a thirsty land, in

the song of birds, in the white cliffs of England, in the blue sky, and in the scent and the sight of young blossom, there is a sense of that which language cannot tell. The Pyramid grain of wheat that sprouted after five thousand years of solitude, was pregnant of sentiment and with lessons that need no record or expansion here.

When art was truest, the artist was not rewarded by a measure of money. Fra Angelico so felt the dignity of his art that he painted kneeling. Now Royal Academicians kneel in another sense. They hire themselves out to illustrate the advantages of soap. When Raphael painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, no payment that could be made would express the value of his work to all humanity, but he is said to have received six shillings a day. Milton received five pounds for ‘Paradise Lost.’ But in ‘Paradise Lost,’ and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, we have two works from the souls and the brains of great men, which will continue through all time to yield the liveliest and loftiest feeling of pleasure and elevation to men who are capable of such emotions, which could never have been bought, and can never be paid for, but by the loving reverence of all mankind.

There is a sentiment in trifles, as when the sculptor, labouring hard at his statue, and remonstrated with by his friend, said, ‘I am working to let the imprisoned angel free.’

There is a sentiment to be learned from the life and the passing away of the mighty dead. There was Gordon, who gave his substance to the poor, his life for his Queen and his country, and his soul to God. There was Sir Francis Assisi,

the greatest of the Saints. There was Father Damien, who for fifteen long years devoted to sufferers from a loathsome disease in an obscure Pacific island, the richness of a perfect sacrifice and the service of a nearly perfect life.

And there is sentiment that we learn from contemplating old age and the death which is inevitable, which none can avoid, and from which no traveller returns. Thus we make by sentiment our own heaven and our own hell, for we become what we admire.

A fakir gave as an offering to Humayun when Akbar was born, a pod of musk; the holy man could afford no more. But, as the fragrance from the musk filled the stately palace chamber, so he said the influence and the power of Akbar would fill the world.

So it is with true sentiment. It founded Rome, it won Inkerman, abolished slavery, defeated the Armada, passed the Factory Acts, is extirpating sweating, and is doing many other great and wonderful works. But, among our sentiments, we must remember that sentiment must precede work, and that some of that work must be for others, for the night cometh when no man can work.

*THE REVELATION OF EVENING.*

BY

REV. ARTHUR MURSELL.



## The Revelation of Evening.

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'MAN goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening.' That is my text.

The routine of life is very selfish; almost necessarily so. We use each other far more than we know each other. The machinery of existence is more essential than its brotherhood. If I break my watch, I am in a hurry to have it repaired, and I get the watchmaker to lend me one to go on with till my own is ready. If your carriage wheel comes off, you make haste to get a new one. The mechanism must not stop. Fresh gearing must be supplied, and more coal heaped on the fire, that there be no pause in the mill's monotony. And so, if a part of the human mechanism gives way, it must be repaired or replaced. Our first requirement of the doctor when we are ill is that he gets us into working order. He may take his time about curing us, but we are bound to be at our post. The Chairman or I may have consumption, but we must meet our congregations, so something must be done to give us voice enough to gasp out a couple of sermons; and, when that becomes quite impossible, we must die, and some other drudge must get into our empty place, to see how long flesh and blood can stand it. Some can go to the genial Riviera

to be repaired, and others can go to the hospital, but repaired they must be somehow, or else carted away. When one gang of men goes out on strike, another shift must be procured. When one line of soldiers is shot down, or bayoneted at the breach, another file must come into the gap. Things can't stand still. Whether it be machine or man, beam or brain, framework or flesh, the waste must be repaired, and the movement must be kept going. Hence, by far the greater part of our intercourse with each other is more like the contact of the several parts of a great engine than the touch of soul with soul. We know each other as factors in the great law of supply and demand. I meet a man every day of my life, but I meet him as my tailor, my grocer, my purveyor. The policeman protects me, or is supposed to do so ; he muzzles my dog, and captivates my house-maid, but I do not know him. The postman brings my letters, and I do not care what becomes of him after his double knock has died away, The newsboy leaves my paper, and to me his existence is exhausted in that one act. A hundred human beings like myself are represented to me in parcels of goods, in joints of meat, and in monthly bills. I see them in their shops, smiling as long as payments are regular ; parts of the same movement, like the hinges on the gate, or the key in the lock. The cabman who drove me home yesterday may fall from his perch and break his neck to-morrow. If I hear of it I say, ' Poor fellow,' or perhaps hazard the charitable theory that he was drunk ; but I find another cabman on the rank when I want to ride again, and I pay my fare and pass on.

All this time we have been coming into contact with our fellows, with men like ourselves, but there has been no *brotherhood*, but much dependence. It has been with hands that I have dealt. What I have been availing myself of is labour or service. We have used each other as we would use an implement or contrivance. Hence the common interchange of life gives no real access to the family or social element. We know, and care to know, little of each other, so, when a man is at his business, he is hardly a man at all. He is just a part of a great movement. It is only when he gets away from his toil that he becomes himself, that he grows from a thing into a man. Shutting the shutters opens the man. He has been a wheel, a lynch-pin, a cog, a rivet, an implement all the day. When the shop is closed he becomes a father, a husband, a student, a creature, a sage, a savage, or a sot. He is a draper or a drudge till free; he is a man when he escapes his chain. A good draper may be a bad man, and a bad draper may be a good man. A bishop is a bishop, and nothing more than a bishop, until he gets out of his cathedral stall, but he becomes human in proportion as he drops the 'divine.' A man goes to his own spirit when he goes his own way, when he gets away from his labour to his individuality. That individuality may peep out and show glimpses of itself even in the discharge of its common duty, but generally in proportion as it does so is a sign given of the faultiness of the machine. Men in subordinate positions are more debarred from self-assertion than those in higher places. And so this machine life is severely incumbent on a young

man who is in service to the double exactions of an employer and the public. Hence, it is only when a young man gets away from his niche of mechanical action that you can begin to translate him from a contrivance into a character. From the time the light of morning is admitted into the warehouse, office, shop, till the last dribble of the waterpot which lays the dust of the feet of customer and client, he is a contrivance for befooling purchasers, for disposing of shoddy, for getting the best price for the worst article ; an unwrapper of carpets, a packer of parcels, a letter-copier, anything you like which is wooden, automatic, or self-acting. So long as he works easily, smiles at the right time, and, above all, keeps in his place (which is another way of saying knows that he is kept as a machine and not a man), he suits very well. But it would never do to be human for a moment during ‘business hours.’ Masters may have tempers, but not servants. Customers may have caprices, but not salesmen. It is the young man’s work to bear other people’s humanity as may happen. He is put with the rest of the goods in the window, a carpet to be beaten, a bale to be packed. A straw or two upon the surface may hint the drift of his bent to such as care to watch or to observe ; but it needs close watching and only shows a little. You may thus guess by the mode in which a man sets about his work, whether he is merry or morose, awkward or alert, whether he is to the manner born or whether the motley of his *role* fits him but poorly. And yet even these indices may cause false judgments. The dame who sits upon the high-backed chair in the

West-end showroom toying with fifty things she does not mean to buy, may pout her lip and shrug her shoulders, and play off the hundred airs of wealthy ignorance, because the servitor who waits upon her whim stumbles or trips with the roll of frippery he has fetched to tempt her taste; and she will say how slow and indolent he is. But it may be because he is so quick and busy that he paused and caused the uppish shopwalker to bid him ‘hurry up, there.’ A quick thought may have flown off towards a home where he used to hear a mother’s prayer; a busy memory may have escaped to the side of one he loves, and made him lose the sense of drudgery for a moment. Even shopmen have mothers, and clerks have known the hopeful joy of slipping an engaged ring upon *some* little finger. And the halt in the routine may come from the vision of that mother, or the beckoning of that finger, at a time when they are trespassers. For man goeth forth to his labour until the evening, and he must have no mother and no memory until that evening comes.

So the evening is the morning to him. If he has a heart and a sentiment latent in it, the evening is the time when the dew may fall upon its folded bud and bid it open. If he goeth forth to labour till the evening, he goeth forth to himself when evening comes. The several parts of the engine come together when the work begins; they scatter where they list as soon as they become animate with their own volitions and show forth as men.

It is thus the moonlight that reveals the man. You must watch the clerk after he has wiped his

pen, and locked his drawer, and slidden off his polished stool, and left the padlocked office to the caretaker for the night ; you must accompany the sentinel behind the counter when the gas has been turned off and the shutters barred ; you must go with the young man when he is off duty ; when he *is* a young man, and not a ticketed appendage of an establishment, if you would read his character. And thus it would appear that it is at this time of freedom, when we are off the chain, that character is not only asserted but formed. Your evenings are your golden hours. How do you spend their gold ? '*Your evenings.*' Yes, in one sense your evenings ; your very own entirely, because they are the hour for your nurture and your growth. They are the time at which you live, and when you are made manifest. It is not you but your hands, your manners, your ready reckoner expertness, which are in requisition all the day, it is yourself who is seen and known in the evening. It is worth while to ask Are you seen as an improvement or a deterioration from the smart clerk or well-mannered servitor ? Did the sock and buskin set you off as more or less heroic than your natural manhood proves you ? Is the machine superior or inferior to the man ? We will not speculate on an automatic gravitation, which habitually tends towards places of intemperance, and drifts towards the eddy or the stress of false attractions. It is not only when the free man pioneers his freedom to the haunt of dissipation or of vice that the sigh of misgiving breaks into the cry of warning. It is when the book he reads is coarse, as books too often are ; when the chum he chooses is a cad, as chums too often are ;

when his note of converse is impure and lewd, as night notes often are. It is then that the moonlight needs to hide from what it shows. '*Your evenings?*' Yes, yours to choose your pastime, yours to choose your company, yours to do as you list. It were hard if a man who is tied to work for long hours through the day, could not do as he liked during his evenings; very hard. None would dispute it. As for ourselves, we would fain make the evenings longer and the work-time shorter by half. We would spare the machine that we might carry the sum of energy conserved to the account of the man. We would detain a little of the sunset to dispute its revelations with the moon and stars. But we are only reminding you of what conscience and common sense have oft reminded you of before, when we say there is a sense in which they are not your evenings. It is not your spare time. In proportion to the shortness and the fewness of the hours of your manhood and individuality are those hours not yours. They belong to others, others in earth and others in heaven. They belong to memory and duty. They belong, perhaps, to a distant home. A companion asks you to come out. It is six or seven o'clock, and the post goes out at eight. You are a man, mind. If you are a son you can't go out yet. You have one letter to write, if not two. The first must be to your mother. Just a line every night. It must not be forgotten or neglected. It won't be if you are a true son, to whom the memory of an old home and a dear love is sacred. And how about that other letter? Have you no one

else to write to? It is generally a pity, though the youth who keeps heart-whole may sometimes act prudently. Then the letter home must be all the longer and less hurried. But if you have that other letter to write, you would deem the balmiest stroll a slavery, and the greenest field a desert. A football would be a fetter, and a theatre a dungeon to your hope, compared with the flutter of the heart-wings which that missive from your soul involves. There's a piece of paper in that desk of yours with thin and pointed characters all over it, crossed so as to be legible to no eyes but yours, and with a postscript longer and sweeter than the length and sweetness of the five sheets preceding it that must be pressed against your heart, and kissed and read for the fiftieth time, and prayed over, while you answer it with burning words of honest truth. And he is a truer man by far whose evening hour of freedom is spent thus in fondling the chain by which he is enslaved, than the tailor's block who is wound up to lounge down Piccadilly, to 'mash' modesty to blushes and drive decency to despair. A wasted evening means a wasted manhood. It is so much beauty marred, so much honour lowered, so much power squandered. Don't say we are erecting an impossible standard and carrying the work-time into the playtime. Amusement is not squandered time; recreation, exercise, sociality, reading, study; none of these are squandered time. Hard study is out of the question after a day's hard work, though it would do less harm to energy and health than hard dissipation. But the revelation of the moonbeam will show you

as you are. It is not our function to say what you ought to *do*, but you know what you ought to *be*, and your acts will be the fruit of your being. Those only have real freedom whose deepest converse is with a larger and a freer world than this. Those of us whose temperaments or hearts or inner movement lead us to an emphasis of feeling which transcends the regulation standard, are often prone to feel the gall of society's hard chain against the freedom we would fain assert. And amidst the grating voice of dogma, the croak of creed, and the chafe of the bit against our best and fondest aspirations, we long for a world whose equator will be wide enough to love in, whose Alps shall be so near the sun as to melt the snow, and whose seas shall be so deep as to float a fleet of poetry and passion which this earth cabins in its graving dock of law. What the moonlight shows you in the week the seventh day shows you in its honest light. What has stood bravliest in the six days' twilight shines truest in the Sabbath's dawn. One morning of the week at least is yours, and the picked soldiery of youth will find a post and a task for that day of rest, for those who rest most fully are those who work for God. Our Sabbaths are the test days as well as the rest days of our lives. They indicate the bias of the soul. They show whether we leave our business to gravitate or to soar; whether our toil for bread is a chain on the animal or the angel, whether it curbs a lust or keeps back a wing. When the disciples of the Saviour were let go they went to their own company. They lingered no longer amidst the glare of courts but flew back to the nest of sacred

converse whence fidelity had dragged them, to the post of duty or of danger, and when their Master found a moment of reprieve from the constraining contacts of His earthly mission, it was to guide into the consecrated clefts of heavenly communion. The true God was seen with God. When He was seen with men as the Immanuel, the God only appeared in the reflected deeds of self-forgetfulness, with which He illumined and illustrated His life. But when He detached himself for a moment from His work and labour, He rose by an afflatus of the soul, which was innate and irrepressible, into the sweet affinities of Deity. And hence the quiet evening or the still hour of night bore Him to the hallowed altars of communion, where His native light shone round the horizon, and the glory of His home kindled the incense to a flame. Is this your drift? The strings of men we meet upon the road urging their cycles against wind, and rain, and sun, feel that for a time at least they are unchained. And they look with the compassion of superior souls upon those poor conventional devotees who pass them by, prayer-book in hand and Bible, bound for Sabbath school and church. But while we say no word against their freedom, we say ours is better. It is a meaner taste and poorer manhood which finds a compensation of the bondage of the week in a Sabbath spent in the animal delirium of movement and of speed, rather than the spirit stir of Christian consecration. We tempt you to a sweeter luxury when we call you from work for man to work for God. If you don't think so, it is because you have not tried. You will grow quicklier to the cubits of

the manhood your Creator meant for you, in doing His task than your own. You may depend upon it, and one day you will make the discovery for yourself, that His service is the most perfect freedom. Poesy, romance, sentiment, affection, all that has most ready and most natural charm for youth, are to be found in roundest fulness in a Christian life. It has taken some of us too long to find the talisman, and we could weep over the lost months and years we squandered in the fruitless search. But the sorcery which bewitched us into humble Christian service called us further from the chains we loathed, and higher into the liberty we coveted, than all else that dazed our ear, or dazzled our eye, or coaxed our taste. We would fain draw you to an earlier and braver climb than ours, into an altitude where the atmosphere is rare and fragrant, and nutritive of a more stalwart growth than battens in the drowsy fogs of earth. To most of you an evening hallowed is a whole day gained, and time redeemed is eternity insured. Your hour of eventide is your Sabbath inspiration. Its vesper bell rings out its angelus from the temple of a gentle memory. It sweetly murmurs from the chambers of a far-off home, finding a fresh vibration in a sister's letter, in a mother's birthday card, or in the nameless throbs of love. And its cadence calls you into pure companionships and holy thoughts. It is much to be a man. It is more to be a young man. Young! The heritor of opportunity; the heir of years; the conscript of the challenge of the future. The dew of that youth is brighter than diamonds, and costlier than pearls. And it sparkles in fairest

sheen when shining from the panoply of truth, and flashing in the service of the Master. And the brawn of that manhood shows forth the hopes of its tensest might as it strains under the burden of the Saviour's cross, and plods onward to the march music of the Captain's call, to the eternal coronation of the freeman of the Lord.

'Until the evening.' Evening is the needle on the compass which tells whether youth is drifting or steering. It shows whether the wind of caprice is driving towards the sunken rock, or the tiller of vigilance is navigating to make the port. The stress of evening tests the true seamanship of life. The man who lives well in the evening, lives well all day. He who uses his own time wisely, may be trusted to use the time of others honestly. It used to be a favourite reproach of our former guides and counsellors, that we turned night into day by our late hours and protracted revels or studies, as the case might be; but there is a sense in which it were good to turn night into day, for if you have not the command of the hours of daylight for yourselves, you must carry the day across the threshold of the evening which is yours. Let the pursuits of evening be worthy of the light of day, such as can confront the honest light, and stand unshamed beneath the broad eye of the sun. Pure pleasure, chaste conversation, noble study, sweet companionship, these will require no dusky cloak of night to hide their movements, but will carry the torch of noon tide to illuminate their quest.

'Until the evening.' You are not your own till then. You belong to an employer. Nothing belongs to you. This moment is not mine. I

must empty the chambers of my memory, and clear the decks of sentiment and hope, lest I take what another has bought, namely, my time. These thoughts, these energies, are not mine, they are the *quid pro quo* of wages, the perquisite for board and lodging, the stake I give for bread and cheese, they must be kept busy on another's interest, intent upon another's gain. But now that the key has clicked in the padlock of the shuttered shop, now that the city smoke is left behind, and train or tram are carrying me to suburb and to rest; now that the season ticket has been inspected at the station gate, and I am bound for home, I am my own; my thoughts, my heart-beats, and my hopes are mine. Are they your own? There is One who has bought them at a higher price than the payer of the pittance that you call your 'screw.' He does not make such a greedy or usurious demand upon them as the other does. He does not chase and harass and suspect you. He does not scold and browbeat and insult you, as if He were intent on drinking your very blood in the interests of grocery or grain. But He shows you His hands and His feet, and as you scan the prints upon them you may hear Him say, 'This is the payment that I made to set you free, not to enslave but to unfetter you. Let time, hope, thought, desire, be Mine, and time shall be liberty, hope shall be all wings, thought shall be passion, desire shall be life, for in My service there is perfect freedom, and in My love is perfect rest.'



*MORAL COURAGE,  
AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIVES OF BISHOPS  
PATTESON AND SELWYN.*

BY  
MISS PATTESON.

I.



# I.

## Moral Courage.

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IT is a very great pleasure to me to be able to say a word or two to you all here to-day about these two men, one of them my own dear brother, most dear to me for the work he did for Christ; the other was the hero of my whole life, from the time of my childhood up to the present hour, and therefore I deem it a very great privilege indeed to be allowed to speak to you to-day about the lives of these two men. And perhaps to you it will be more interesting to listen, as the living voice is always more agreeable than a mere book, and having known them both I can speak of them from personal experience.

Bishop Selwyn was a man who, when quite young, and with the whole world open to him, and with the very best opportunity of rising to a very high position in England, gave it up in answer to God's call and went out to at that time an unknown land, and an unknown position. He was the first bishop who was called to go to New Zealand, a country that had originally, and within the memory

of man, been populated entirely by a heathen cannibal race of people, a powerful, manly people, but carrying on every conceivable cruelty (I was going to say that we could imagine, but such as, thank God, we cannot imagine). His first thought when he got out to this land was to become acquainted with the people, and to do that he walked the length and breadth of New Zealand. If you will look to your map you will see what that means. Journeys of five or six hundred miles on foot, with one or two natives, but later on with friends who joined him in his walks. Of course there was much that was dangerous, much that was difficult, painful and suffering. Just to give you an instance; on one occasion he and his old friend Archdeacon Dearham arrived at a place on their way across an island hoping to reach New Plymouth in time to put an end to a quarrel that was imminent between the English and the Maories. They came to a place where they found there had been an enormous landslip. If they had determined to go to the end of this ravine it would have prevented their arriving in time. Therefore they said, 'we must make the best of it,' and down the side of this immense cliff they went, without anything to support them but ropes hanging out of the trees, so pointed and full of thorns, that, when they arrived at the bottom of the precipice, which they would have to climb up the other side in the same way, their hands were so cut, and they were so exhausted, that they had scarcely the courage to attempt the ascent. However they

succeeded in accomplishing it, and arrived in time to pacify the quarrel. Another time they were walking along the coast. Now the custom in New Zealand was that, for the benefit of wayfarers, there was a wooden erection at various intervals in which a quantity of the sweet potato of the country is stored, and people passing can take what they require; but on this occasion place after place was passed, but there were no potatoes at all to be had. They had at length arrived within a long day's journey of the nearest town, and had nothing left but one little piece of bacon and a little meal. As they were coming along they came to a small river, the waters of which were perfectly black, they knew not from what cause, but, strapping their clothes on their heads, they got across, looking like chimney-sweeps. However, they walked on and on until they came to another river; here they washed and dressed, and said, 'Now let us have our food; we shall be all the better for it, and strengthened to get along.' So they set to and prepared their food, but they had just got the savoury smell of the bacon in their noses when from the bush there came out a Maori, almost a perfectly attenuated skeleton. They soon found out from him that he had been days and days wandering in the bush without food, and, hungry as they were themselves, they gave him their supper. The consequence was that they had to struggle on without food, and to show you how badly they were themselves in want of it I may tell you that Bishop Selwyn, who was an extremely strong man, when he came to the town, actually fainted away, thoroughly exhausted. These were the kind of

trials they constantly underwent. However, the result of his wandering through the country was that he became thoroughly acquainted with the people, and they with him. He was ultimately enabled to start schools in a great many districts, but the chief work of this nature, was the erection of a Central College, for the training of the native young men in their own country, to become missionaries and teachers to the rising race. Twenty years he went on at this work, but besides this, he did not forget that before he left England, the Archbishop had said to him, pointing out certain degrees of latitude and longitude, 'That is your diocese,' and the region included something like two hundred islands supposed to be inhabited by cannibals. These islands were not at all known at that time, nor were the seas navigated, and therefore the work was exceedingly dangerous. However he was determined to do something. And in a little ship with only five for a crew, he went and found his way to these islands. He made himself acquainted with a good many, and soon found that to locate missionaries was impossible. The only feasible way was to train lads from these islands in the knowledge and love of God, and send them back amongst their own people as teachers. The difficulty was to get the lads. And what made it the more difficult was that in every island there was a different form of language, forms as different as English and German, many of them far more difficult. When they were able to get some of these lads to New Zealand, you can imagine the odd figures some of them were. The custom of the islands was to let the hair grow, always

pushing it upwards, and plastering it thickly with lime, till the top of their heads was like a bird's nest, a very convenient receptacle for anything that was given them. Nearly everything they stuck in their hair. They had one other receptacle ; they were in the habit of pulling the lobes of their ears downwards, till the lobe of the ear extended down to the shoulder, and then they used to turn it up to the back part. Pockets, of course, they had none, because they had no clothes. Well, twelve years went by, and then the necessities of his diocese—no pleasure of his own, but the necessity of coming to England to consolidate his scheme for the work in New Zealand—brought him back.

Naturally we Pattesons looked forward with keen interest to his coming. My brother was at that time a young deacon, working in a little parish close to our house in the country. The bishop came down with his wife and his two children to stay with us in the country. My brother's heart was too full to be content, and he burst out to the bishop, 'I want to go out with you.' Then came the question, 'Is it right to leave your old father? Are you truly called to such a mission?' Days passed, and there was no great excitement. We were very quiet over it, and very careful. Then my father gave his consent. He was quite willing that his son should go, a son of equal promise, I may say with what Bishop Selwyn had been himself. So the following spring they sailed away, with the hearty consent of my father, who said to my brother, 'I have given you to God's cause. Don't be hankering after me.' As he afterwards

said, ‘I have given him to a better cause. I shall never live to see him in this world, but, by God’s mercy, I shall see him in the next.’

Well, when they came out to New Zealand, Bishop Selwyn very soon discovered that my brother had a special ability for the work of the islands. He had a marvellous power of acquiring the languages. None of his friends could ever tell exactly how this special gift was developed. He himself would never explain, except he would say ‘I caught it,’ or ‘It came to me,’ or words to that effect. Of course there was a great deal of hard work. When he got a few lads about him whose language was little known to him, he, by degrees, learned something of it, and as he got larger numbers of boys, he would sometimes be surrounded by lads speaking twenty different languages, of all of which he had obtained a mastery. I remember a lady telling me that on one occasion she saw him out walking with his boys, when she said she could only compare him to a queen bee surrounded by a band of workers. If a boy in front said something, my brother would translate it for the benefit of those behind in their own language, and he seemed like a very polyglot of languages himself. After a time my brother and the bishop moved to an island called Crawford’s Island, which had formerly been a penal settlement, but from which the convicts had long been removed. Part of the island had been in possession of the Pitcairns. The other part was settled and made over to this mission, and there the good work is being still carried on. Now you say, ‘How did these men get the

boys?' Something in this way: In the first place they dared not let their little ship come very near the land, lest the natives might lay hold of it, and so destroy all means of leaving the island. So, when they came near a new island, they got into their small boat, perhaps one or two sailors with them, and when a short distance from the beach they would jump out into the sea and swim ashore. Generally on the beach they would see a number of naked but armed men. If women and children were there, it was more likely the intentions of the natives would be peaceful. But there were these crowds of people with their spears and their great tall bows (if I were at home I could show you some as tall as myself), and well they knew that these spears and the arrows were poisoned. There they would stand looking at the two strange men coming up out of the water. Afterwards they knew that the natives were as much afraid of the two men as the two men, in their hearts, naturally felt there was danger for them. The natives who had, of course, never seen clothes, could not understand how the strange men's faces could be white and their bodies grey (the jersey and trousers which they wore being that colour). They said afterwards to my brother how they wondered who those strange people could be. 'We never saw the like of them. Why, they must be some of our dead people who have gone down into the sea, and come up again.' Well, these two dripping men would stand on the beach, and they would try and catch some name, which they would repeat, and in that way make a little opening. The boys, too, would

sometimes, being rather cautious. Like most boys, run up to them on the sly and give them a little pinch—not always the pleasantest mode of greeting. On more than one occasion my brother would catch hold of the boy's hands, and put it into his trousers pockets, where he had placed some fish-hooks. The boy's amazement at finding fish-hooks in such a place was, of course, very great; indeed, some of them wondered if the fish-hooks grew inside the white men. However, they were good fish-hooks, of good steel, and they did not care where they came from, so long as they got them. So in that kind of way he could gradually make friends with them, but how they succeeded in overcoming their fears and getting them to leave the islands with them, I can hardly tell. Once I saw the captain of their ship, and I asked him about it. 'Well,' he said, 'I cannot tell you, Miss Patteson; I have often been ashore with your brother, but all I can say is, it must have been a personal attraction. I ought to say it was the love of God shining in their faces that brought these lads to them.' Well, when they got hold of the lads, what did they do with them? They brought them to New Zealand, and there taught them, and impressed upon them in a marvellous way what was expected of them, so that there was scarcely a lad who had been brought to the central school and taught there, that the moment he got back to his own island did not try and teach what he had learnt. The lesson they were taught was that 'We must give as has been given to us.' That was stamped upon their minds by Bishop Selwyn and my dear brother. And so the work went on, but not without many dangers.

On one occasion they had been to a large island where they had many times before been received very fairly. However, on this occasion, for some reason, a number of young men fired at the boat as they were leaving. Two dear lads, who had been given by their parents for the good work, were struck by the poisoned arrows, and one white man. My brother unshipped the rudder and held it up to try and protect them till they reached the ship, but the arrows were poisoned, and they did their deadly work, for in a very few days the two poor boys passed away to their rest. You can imagine what a blow that was to my brother. They were to him as his own dear sons, and the blow was indeed very hard upon him. The white man recovered. On another occasion my brother was himself in very great danger. He had hung up his steelyards in a tree and was weighing yams, when, for some reason, a number of the natives surrounded him and began firing their arrows, not *at* him but *across* him. He was not struck, fortunately, but the poisoned arrows fell thick around him. There was another danger later on, which certainly was more personal to him. He went to an island where he formerly had a scholar, and on asking for him they could not or *would* not tell him. They said, 'Come with us to the village. Come on shore.' Not wishing to show that he suspected any treachery, he went with them, and as he walked along he felt sure that there was something wrong, it was so unlike their former reception of him. A natural fear came over him, and he said to the man who was leading him, 'May I have a moment alone?' There was an empty hut by

the side of the way, and he passed in, and there he knelt down and prayed that God would strengthen him for whatever was to happen, and he felt that it was well, whatever it was to be. He came out. They took him to the village, gave him some food, and told him to go back again. He learned afterwards that when they saw my brother they had resolved to kill him in revenge for the death of the lad of whom he had been in search, and who had somehow mysteriously met his death. But when my brother came out of the hut his face was such a picture of peace, and joy, and rest, and confidence, that they whispered one to another, ‘He cannot have done the cruel thing,’ and so they let him go. Those were the sort of things continually happening to these good men as they went on with their work.

When Bishop Selwyn was recalled to England by his Archbishop, it was a great blow to my brother to part with his friend.

Afterwards a new danger came into the work, in the shape of a great number of the islanders being carried away by traders who were in truth slavers. This made the work of the missionaries extremely dangerous, because the natives did not distinguish between one white man and another, and they very naturally concluded that the white men who came and captured their people were really under the command of my brother. These slave-dealers had the meanness to paint their vessels like the missionaries’ little ship, and had actually the cowardice to dress up a man in similar clothes to a missionary, so as to deceive the islanders and better enable

them to effect a landing. To think that these wretched men were Englishmen, who would perhaps call themselves Christians! Their meaning was a message to any nation to which they might belong. Well, the effect of it was my brother's death. He went to an island where he had been before, but where he had never any scholars. He was afraid the people had been informed and he wished to give them confidence by going ashore. But they attacked him, and they took his life. It was not done in a fit of spite, but because they thought he was a teacher in the sight of his people. From the very first there was strong reason to believe that this was so, because they had in no way molested his body, as they usually did with the bodies of those they killed in battle. They wrapped his body in a great mat and put it in a little canoe, and sent it back toward the ship with a little palm branch fastened to it, in which they had tied five knots. When the news came home, Bishop Belwyn was nearly heart-broken, and uttered out, 'Oh, why not I? why not I?'

Well now, Bishop Selwyn during that time was working away in England doing good work there, and, as he had done himself in early youth in asking his father to spare him, so my brother had done in asking his father to spare him so in his old age. Bishop Belwyn was called upon in the same way to give up his son. This son, who was working in the cause, when he heard of my brother's death, came to his father and said, 'Father, let me go to take his place. I loved him, you loved him; let me go.' And the father and mother said, 'We will not refuse. We wanted to

go when we were young, we won't refuse you now.' That man is now the present bishop of the islands, and is carrying on this work. That man was able to erect, years after my brother's death, a little cross on the spot where my brother was killed. That cross marks where a good man laid down his life for the sins of the white people and for the sake of the black. As he left the island he saw the setting sunshine on the bronze circle round the cross, bearing testimony to the truth of the promise that 'the path of the just is like unto a shining light shining forth unto the perfect day.' Morning and evening the sun would rise and set, bringing out a beam of shining light from that cross.

Now, what are we to learn from all this? We cannot all of us go out. We cannot all of us be doing this special work, but we can have it in our hearts to forward it by a word of prayer, and I think most of all we can do it by never despising people because they are unlearned, ignorant heathen. Never a boy here should scorn at a black man that he meets in the street, but remember that for these very people one laid down his life, and the other gave the best years of his life away. And I may tell you that of those boys who were taught by those two good men, many of them are preachers, many of them died in the work. I will tell you a touching instance of the good work done by one of them. He heard that the chief of a neighbouring island was about to make war on his people. He said, 'I must go and intercede for my people.' He went, accompanied by a few young men, unarmed, to the island of this

chief. On stating that he wished to speak to him, he was permitted to come on shore. The native chief ordered that one of his men should stand by him with a tomahawk over his head. He besought the chief not to carry out his purpose of making a raid on his island, and in the end his intercession was successful. God stayed the native chief's hand. Two years afterwards this teacher was attacked by an inflammation of the eyes. He was taken by the missionaries to their own island. Nobody knew of the episode above related, and it was only after the poor man had become blind and was taken back to his home by one of the missionaries that they heard the story of his intercession for the lives of his people. The missionary asked him how it was he had not informed them of it, when this poor islander said, 'Why should I speak of it? My Master, Jesus Christ, died for His people, and the least I could do in return for His love was to offer my life to save theirs.' There was humility! That was the outcome of the work that had been done by the two men, Bishop Selwyn and Bishop Patteson.



*MORAL COURAGE,  
AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIVES OF BISHOPS  
PATTESON AND SELWYN.*

BY

MISS PATTESON.

II.



## II.

### Moral Courage.

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SUCH a kind reception on your part rather makes me feel even more shy about talking to you, because when I had the pleasure of being here a short time ago I had a subject which must have inspired anybody. I was asked to speak about Bishop Selwyn and Bishop Patteson, and I did endeavour to show you the combination of their lives, and I had no idea I should be asked to say anything more about my brother. I feel to-day as I did in Devonshire once, some few years ago. There had been a social tea party, at which my friends gathered round me in great numbers, and the following year we had the same sort of gathering again, and just as I was walking about the fields before tea a number of people kept following me. I did not know any of them, but they kept swooping round me wherever I went, so that I felt like a queen bee with a swarm of other bees flying round me! At last when I sat down to tea all these people came and sat down at the same table, so I could do nothing but say how very much obliged I was to them for their kind attention, when one of the women said,

*H*er was such good company last year that I am going to sit with her again.' I am in a somewhat similar predicament to-day, because I cannot possibly speak to you in the same way I did last time without going over the same ground. When I was last speaking about my brother, I said that he had made a great sacrifice in leaving England. Perhaps I did not bring before you quite plainly what that was, and I would like you to-day to know more about his character, to know what he was in himself. Those of you who have traditionally heard of Bishop Selwyn can perhaps imagine the effect on a boy of this man making an offering of himself and all belonging to him, and going out to an almost unknown land like New Zealand. My brother, from the time that Bishop Selwyn became a missionary, always felt a strong desire to be one too. I think it was only from that time. He had always determined to be a clergyman, but from that time came the desire to be a missionary. The desire was not called out, it was an innate, inward desire. It did not prevent him from carrying out the duty that was before him of preparing himself to be God's servant as a clergyman, and so he went his way and was ordained, and he had his little parish; and there he was when the news came that Bishop Selwyn, after twelve years' work, was obliged to come to England for the sake of his diocese. Back he came. Then there was the burning desire as of yore. My brother spoke to Bishop Selwyn, and told him how he had longed to be a missionary. He said, 'I do not know whether you think I am particularly fit to join you in your work, but you, of course, can test me

whether I am fit or not for missionary work. I put myself in your hands. If you think it right that I should go to *any* part of the world, I am willing that there I should be sent.' There was no hesitation about giving up his love of music, which was very strong in him, the love of painting, of literary work, of meeting with learned men, and the great warm love of his home and his friends, there was no thought about that. It was in his own power, and he willingly gave all up. But the great question was about his father. The father was an oldish man, retired from his work from the infirmity of deafness and ill-health ; and there came the question, ' Is it right to leave him ? ' That question he put to Bishop Selwyn. The bishop's answer was, ' That is not for me to say, but this much I must tell you. You cannot wait until you are an oldish man. If you are to come out and do the work, you must be in the full vigour of your strength and powers.' My brother then came to me, and we both felt that our father must have the decision left to himself ; and so we went straight to him, and we found him prepared to make his sacrifice, never having had an idea of it before. He called out without a moment's hesitation, yes. He was willing to give what was the best thing he had in the world, the one who was most of all able to give him pleasure in his old age. There they were—father and son. They had the Old Testament before them ; they had our Blessed Lord's great sacrifice before them, and they never hesitated ; they were both ready to make their sacrifice. Now I think there is something in that worth remembering. We do not find it

quite easy to make a sacrifice, and it is a good thing to have a strong example before us, and to find an old man ready to give up the best that he has, and that a young man was ready and willing to lay every prospect down, encourages us to feel that we are servants and soldiers of Christ, who ought to be ready and willing to do at all times whatever comes before us. There was a marked feature about that father's surrender. It was heart whole. Don't you know, sometimes we give a thing with a little bit of a grudge, and think that we sha'n't be called upon to do the whole thing. People said to my father, 'You will see your son again,' and his answer invariably was 'No. I do not give my boy to be hankering after me and coming back again to England, and thinking about that. No. I give him wholly and solely, and I never expect we shall meet again in this world. Please God, our lives will join together hereafter.' I set that before you as a great example; and certainly those three men, my father, and brother, and Bishop Selwyn, are men that you all, as English people, may be proud of, as well as I of being their relation and friend. Well, they sailed away. Afterwards there was considerable indignation amongst the little population of the parish where my brother had been. When Bishop Selwyn arrived, the people were exceedingly eager that the great man should honour their church by coming and preaching there, and one of them said afterwards, 'Why, he had quite an *organ* of a voice.' But when they heard my brother was going away, they said, 'Oh ! we wish the bishop had never come here. Why did he take our

pastor from us ?' They almost hated him for it, but they did not actually hate him, only they thought it very hard to give up Mr Patteson. Bishop Selwyn often laughed about the feeling those parishioners seemed to have towards him for taking my brother away.

Well, after they had arrived in New Zealand, the only thing my brother regretted was that Bishop Selwyn did not set him to do what you would call very attractive work. For a while he kept him and taught him the duties of obedience and submission practically. Instead of sending him at once amongst the heathen population, he made him take charge of the little mission-ship in the harbour, and he spent many of his days quietly on board, all the time preparing himself to note every part of the little vessel, thoroughly to understand it, so that when the time came to sail her he should know how to do it. On Sundays Bishop Selwyn made him go on shore, and sent him about preaching. My brother perfectly well trusted his leader, and knew that there was some good reason why he was kept in that sort of way at first. After a while Selwyn satisfied himself that my brother knew how to *obey*. Then he set him to *command*—to command the little ship's company, and away they went amongst those dangerous islanders. I will now tell you something about the people, and why they were dangerous. You must know that the people of those islands have endless languages, and where they are not completely distinct languages there is an immense variety of dialects. In some cases neighbouring islanders do not understand one another's language at all. These islanders hold their

land not individually but as belonging to the tribe. Another thing was that if a member of one tribe insulted a member of another tribe, they considered that insult as applying to the whole community, and it was the tribe who must be punished and atone for the insult; so that these tribes were continually at war with one another. To give you an illustration. We will say, for instance, here is tribe A and there is tribe B. A man from A has a quarrel with a man from B. The latter is killed by an arrow fired by the former. The whole of A tribe are liable to be attacked and killed by B. I remember John Selwyn, who is doing good work there now, telling me of a man who was taken back to his own island after being away in New Zealand for some time. He was landed on his own island, but by mistake instead of being landed at his own village was landed about a mile off at the village of another tribe. During the time he had been away there had been a great quarrel between the two tribes. When this poor man was landed on the beach the people said, 'He belongs to the other tribe,' and they killed him then and there. He atoned for what had been going on during his absence, being wholly unconscious of the quarrel himself. That sort of thing therefore made the islanders afraid of any strange person. So, when the white men came in their grey clothes, first sailing in their boat and then swimming and wading up the beach, they found assembled a large number of people with bows and arrows and clubs. Naturally the natives were very curious as to the new

comers, and, as I mentioned in my last lecture, frightened. They could not imagine who they were. They thought they were the spirits, or ghosts, or the reappearances from the dead of some of their friends. I am going to read you some words (translated of course) written by one of the natives, in reference to their feelings when they first saw my brother. He says, 'At the time he came to us many thought that some of our people who had died had risen again in a far-away land, and had come back with a different body to us, and had got white somehow or other, and that is why I went to see him; and when we stayed with him, and he began his teaching, we told him we thought he and his companions were some of our dead people who had come up out of the water with a grey and a white skin, and he said 'don't believe that nonsense, don't think about such an unreasonable thing as that. We have come to you because we white men have had the good religion of God for many generations, and we want to bring it to you.' So you see that one of the dangers of the land was that the people were in such a state of thought, that a very little thing would induce them to fire their poisoned arrows at the white man. Then there was danger when the missionaries sometimes stayed on the islands. For instance, once my brother stayed a whole week on an island, quite alone, amongst people with whose language he was very little acquainted. He picked up a boy from another island who could speak the language a little. That boy,

however, was not much use to him, and so he had to make out somehow or other the people's language himself. He wrote home that when on that occasion he saw the ship leaving him there, quite apart from all Europeans, there was a moment when he felt his great danger and almost a fainting of heart, but they let him have a small hut and he entered it and went down on his knees. In two or three minutes his courage came back, and he said he never lost it again. God sent him such great confidence that he never felt faint-hearted again. Well, in spite of their dread that he was a dead man come to life again, these islanders wanted to know more about him. They wanted to know who and what he was. The boys especially he, by his friendly face, induced to gather round him, and finally succeeded in getting some of them to accompany him back to New Zealand. And a picturesque sight they presented. There they were in their various coloured shirts and trousers, which had been given them on board ship; but their great peculiarity was not merely the colour of those clothes or of their complexion. Their nose-rings, and the extraordinary way in which they pulled their ears down, were a strange sight for the Europeans; and, as for their heads, they were more like great birds' nests than anything else, all their hair matted together with coral lime, and perfectly stiff, and they had all sorts of things stuck into it. Flowers, bits of shell, bits of beads, fish-hooks, and everything of that kind would be stuck in their hair as a convenient place to keep them. Once there came

along with these boys two very peculiar figures. The people at the mission station could not make out what they were. They did not look much like human beings, but they moved slowly along, though one could scarcely say they were walking. At length it was discovered that they were the figures of two girls whom they had picked up in the course of their island work, and who had expressed their willingness to come to New Zealand. Well, they brought the two girls with them, but as they had no girls' clothes to provide them with, they manufactured first of all a great cape out of some sails, and they also endeavoured to manufacture petticoats for them out of blankets. These good men, however, had not the advantage of knowing how to handle a needle, neither had they learnt how to put in a few plaits and gores in these female garments ; so, when made, they were of the same dimensions round the waist as at top and bottom, and when the girls tried to walk uphill, they could scarcely get along. My brother was always firmly convinced that there was no use working amongst half the population, so he decided on educating some of the girls as well as the boys. His first experience of bringing girls was a very funny one. He had not only unmarried girls, but a married one with a baby ; and as they were nearly all sea-sick, he found it a very difficult thing to manage, especially the baby ; and right glad he was to hand over the baby and its mother to the care of a lady when he landed in New Zealand. One thing that astonished these islanders on arrival in New Zealand was the animals, and there are some very funny stories told of their amazement

at the sight of a donkey. They happened to have a very wise old donkey at the College, and the great delight of the native boys was to ride on the donkey's back. The donkey, however, did not seem to relish the idea of five boys trying to ride him at the same time. They used to get on his back as fast as they could, in fact, sometimes from head to tail the donkey was covered with boys. He tried kicking, and jumping, but all to no purpose, for they stuck on like leeches. So at last the donkey, evidently noticing that their legs were bare, used to make straight for the nearest wall, and, rubbing against it as hard as he could, in that way got rid of his tormentors, for a time at any rate. At first the sight of a horse or cow was a cause of great alarm to the young islanders. Now, cannot you imagine when they got home again what kinds of stories they had to relate, and most of all of the great kindness that had been shown to them. But sometimes there were other things they had to tell, which were very dangerous for the missionaries. For instance, there came a very fatal illness amongst them, something of the nature of cholera, and the poor boys dropped down and died, notwithstanding all that could be done for them. I remember in one letter my brother wrote home he said, 'the doctors have done all they can, but nothing seems to save the poor lads,' and in another he wrote, 'I am sitting in the room in the middle of the night, very quietly. I dare hardly breathe for fear of disturbing the poor sufferers, and have all their miserable illness beginning again, and yet one of them looks very still. I hardly dare move, but I must get up.'

Then he went on, ‘ I crept across the room and found the poor boy had passed away quietly in his sleep. I drew the sheet over him, but I dare not remove him for fear of disturbing the others.’ And now think of the dangers! Just imagine in an island where the missionaries scarcely knew the language, and their having to go back to that island minus the boys, perhaps the only boy that came from that island. Can’t you suppose that these people would think that the missionaries had killed the boys? How difficult it was to make them understand! And then there was another. At one time a young chief who was being brought to New Zealand got a fit of delirium through sea-sickness, and as they were afraid he might jump overboard they tied him hand and foot. Imagine what the natives would think of that; tying down a chief, whom they would not venture to touch! But God preserved them through all. And if there had not been such an element in their work, there would not be at this hour a single missionary amongst those black people trying to do them good. But there were besides the white men who went to do them good, white men who went to capture them to work on their plantations. At first these men got the natives to go with them readily enough, because they trusted them, believing that all white men were alike. They were trusted at first the same as my brother was trusted by the people who little knew their true character. Many of the poor islanders taken away died on the plantations, and you can think that those who returned had to tell, not of the loving kindness and tender mercies that had been shown by the missionaries,

but of harsh and cruel treatment by the white men and white women. These poor fellows had only to tell of hardships and little food, and worst of all they had learnt the white man's vices. Bishop John Selwyn told me once of a native who had returned from the plantations to his island. His own people were proud to see him; he had clothes, nails, and hammers, knives, and all the things they coveted most. What was he doing to explain to them what the white man was like? He was walking backwards and forwards and reeling about like a drunken man, and saying in his native tongue, 'Me white man, me white man.' That was the lesson brought back from the traders! After a while the people of the islands would not go to these traders, and then you remember their expedient. They knew that my brother was loved by the people, so they used to pretend that their ship was the missionaries' ship. They painted their ship like my brother's, and they even went the length of dressing up a sailor like my brother, and the moment the poor natives came on board they were clapped under the hatches in the hold! What could the people of the islands think but that all the white men were in league with one another, and the result was that my brother's life was taken. They had no animosity against *him*, but as their own people had been carried away they made him atone with his life for theirs, and I think they are not to be blamed for the confusion in their mind which made them think that the taking of the bishop's life would put an end to the capturing of their own people.

Now, I do not believe that any of you would

become slavers ; but for all that, there are other white men who do a moral injury to the black men by teaching them, as I said just now, the white man's sins. Everywhere, wherever you may possibly go, do struggle, not for the sake of England only, with the vices of the white man ; do remember that not only men but women also, if we let ourselves down, and do not respect ourselves, and do not battle against trials and difficulties, and struggle against self-indulgence, if we do not do that, we are not only injuring ourselves, but we are morally injuring the population all over the world. Remember our soldiers and sailors, mechanics and labourers, go all over the world. It is one of the wonders of Englishmen that wherever you go you will find them. What a blessed thing if everyone of those men went out into the world, and instead of teaching the vices of England, set an example for good, set an example of what a Christian should be, then I think it would not be very long before the knowledge of the Lord would be spread everywhere, even as the waters cover the deep.



*THE DRAMA IN WHITE AND BLUE.*

BY

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, ESQ.



## The Drama in White and Blue.

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I HAVE two things to say to you to-day. I think I could write them both on a piece of paper the size of a sixpence, and if I drive these two things fast home into your memory, I do not very much care if you forget all the rest of my lecture. Because all the other things I am going to say to you will be only in illustration and enlargement of these two sayings, and if you keep a fast hold upon them, you will have the essence of my hour's talk always with you. I daresay you remember the story of the local preacher, who had to occupy a certain portion of the service-time with prayer, and he found the stream of his eloquence running dry before the time was up. He prayed for the Royal Family. Then after a short digression he prayed for the Royal Family again. Then after another short digression he came back to the Royal Family again, and having prayed for them collectively, he began to pray for them individually, from Her Most Gracious Majesty and the Prince of Wales downwards, until by the time he came to the Duchess of Teck, somebody in the gallery shouted out, 'Lump 'em!' If, at

any time during my lecture, you find me coming round to the same old points, I hope you will remember I warned you that all the substance of my lecture could be ‘lumped’ into two sentences. I shall say them once at the beginning, while your attention is fresh and undimmed, and once at the end, so that they may be the last things you hear from me, and the handiest to carry home with you. I do not know how many times I shall say them in the middle of my discourse, but you will find me constantly coming back to them. Here they are: *First*, Art should gladden you. *Second*, Art should exalt you. I use the word ‘exalt.’ I do not like this word ‘exalt’ very much. I shall use it in a sense I shall define by-and-by. In the meantime please do not attach a Sunday-school meaning to it. It is not my fault if the twin curses of cant and slang continually rob some of the strongest words in the English language of their best and legitimate significance. These two things are absolutely all I have got to tell you to-day. I daresay it is no more than you know already, so that I cannot even claim the merit of novelty for my two maxims. All that I wish to do is to impress them upon you and myself, and vivify, and amplify them for you a little. And I shall not pretend to do this in art generally, but only in relation to that art which I practise myself—the art of writing for the stage, for I am not qualified to speak upon any art except my own, and besides, these things in relation to painting, to sculpture, and to architecture have already been touched by master hands, and notably by the greatest, and sweetest,

and noblest of living English writers—John Ruskin.

These two notes of gladness and exaltation in art, are notes perpetually recurrent in John Ruskin's teaching. ‘Gargantua's colours were white and blue, for the white did signify gladness, pleasure, delight and rejoicing; and the blue, celestial things.’ I picked up this text, like a jewel in a pigstye, in an old French writer, who lived in a coarse and superstitious age, and, having many wise and fiercely truthful things to say to his generation, found himself obliged to wrap them up in a great deal of foul, coarse humour to get his countrymen to swallow them. The chief reason I chose to speak to you from these words, was that they seemed to embody my two sayings in a pretty symbol which would serve to stamp them upon your memory. I had another reason for choosing a text from Rabelais, and that I will tell you in due course, when it becomes necessary.

You will notice that Gargantua's colours of white and blue, signify those very qualities which I have said art should possess. First, ‘The white did signify gladness, pleasure, delight, and rejoicing. Perhaps you think there is not much need for me to insist that when you go to a play it should gladden you and make you happy; you will take good care you do not go to a theatre to be made miserable and dull. I have no doubt you will. Authors and managers have found out that to be unsuccessful a play can only have one fault, it must be dull. So we are quite agreed upon this first point. I want you to be happy at the theatre,

and you will take good care you will not go unless you are. And if you are gladdened and delighted you will go often, and naturally enough, and to all my coaxing to get you there you will reply to me as Daniel Peggotty did to Mrs Gummidge when she said, she was sorry she was driving him to the public-house, ‘Lord bless you, I don’t want no drivin’.’ We are both determined, then, that you shall enjoy yourself at the theatre, and you shall not go unless you do. So the thing is settled.

No. I am going to have a little talk with you about the sort of things that gladden you at the theatre. What jokes do you laugh at? What persons amuse you? What actions and words do you think funny? I was at a pantomime some time ago with a party of children. A man came on the stage dressed as a woman, with his nose painted red, and dirty petticoats, which he took a delight in kicking about so as to show his stockings. A little girl of four years who was with me, and who has a very keen sense of fun, looked at me and said, ‘Why has he made his nose red?’ And when he tumbled about the stage showing the dirty stockings and petticoats, she asked, ‘What does he do that for?’ The child saw nothing funny in a man painting his nose red and performing foolish and rather indecent antics. Do you? Are these the things that gladden your heart at the theatre? Do you think it witty, clever, or brilliant for a man to sprawl about the stage showing a dirty pair of stockings and imitating a gin-sodden voice and labelling his nose ‘drunkard’? Do you not think it rather dull and depressing? And yet the majority

of the audience seemed to consider it funny. I have no doubt that some, I hope a large part, of the mirth of the audience was due to mere carelessness, ignorance, and the high spirits attendant upon a holiday. People have surely never asked themselves why they laugh at such things—a moment's reflection would be fatal to merriment derived from such a source. So far as their enjoyment was deliberate and self-conscious, so far it was besotted and diseased.

I daresay some of you remember a very powerful and truthful scene in Robertson's play of *Caste*. I mean the scene in which the drunken old Eccles raves and drivels over the cradle of his baby grandson, and arraigns society and government because the infant possesses a coral necklace, while he, the poor old grandfather, has not the wherewithal to buy himself a quartern of 'cool, refreshing gin.' Cool, refreshing gin! Imagine what that man's palate was like! Think of the state of his tongue, his stomach, his liver! But you can get your intellectual palate into as bad a condition as old Eccles's drinking apparatus, till it kicks at all wholesome nourishment, and thirsts for vitriol to refresh it. There is a strange law by which our bodies grow tolerant of poison, when taken in gradually increasing doses, so that the few drops of certain drugs which would be enough to kill a healthy man, may be taken scores of times over, without immediate harm, by the poor victim who has accustomed his system to them. One of our greatest literary geniuses, at the beginning of this century, used to take his tumblerful of laudanum negus at a sitting. And when once such a habit

becomes fastened upon a man, his system craves for the wonted solace, until it may positively be an immediate injury to his health to refuse him his daily dose of poison. So that lately, I have read, a physician, in counselling us how to ensure long life, says, ‘Beware of giving up habits, even bad ones.’ I want to impress this fact upon you, that by constantly indulging your leisure with foolish and imbecile forms of humour, you may rob yourself of the power of enjoying, and even understanding, what healthy wit and humour are. I cannot help saying that many of the forms of public amusement which seem to delight the inhabitants of our large cities appear to me nothing but the symptoms and expressions of social suffocation, stupefaction, and disease. You remember that famous often-quoted saying, ‘Let me make the songs of a country—I care not who makes its laws.’ I want you to recall the type of song that is most popular about the streets and in the music-halls of our great cities to-day. I do not wish to make a personal attack; I have no feeling of enmity against the persons who write and sing these songs, or the public which applauds them. I will not name songs or performers, but I will ask you to fix in your mind the type of modern popular music-hall song—pert, catching, empty, leering, its only wit lying in some cloaked and yet quite palpable indecency, with a jingling refrain, which is at once caught up and ground out with maddening persistency by the barrel-organs, while the poor, white-faced morsels of humanity, the children of our towns—denied the natural music of the woods and fields, that every generation of human children

has listened to since the world began—denied the note of the blackbird and the skylark, and the whisper of the pine leaves, and the low of the kine, and the laughter of the brook—the poor, deformed, rickety mites of children, swarm out of their dens and garrets and alleys and dance round the jingling, foolish strains: it is a death dance, believe me, it is a death dance. Now, think of this type of music-hall song. I daresay a score of examples will readily occur to you—think, I say, of those songs that every night amuse thousands of your fellow-countrymen, and then ask yourself whether any man, with the smallest grain of self-respect, would not rather than write them, and boast that he made the songs of a nation, bite out his tongue and shrivel his right arm to keep himself from ministering to the intellectual degradation of his fellows, and setting the pitch of our national manners to the tone of a third-rate public-house bar.

Make the songs of a nation! Yes, that old boast might be a proud one once. Think of our old English songs, our sea songs, our drinking songs, our love songs—the ‘Lass of Richmond Hill,’ and the ‘Bailiff’s Daughter of Islington.’ Think of the songs that Robert Burns wrote for Scotland, and how that sweet Lowland accent has become classic all the world over since it fell from his lips. Remember what this English language of ours is, what glorious employment it has been capable of, whose tongues have framed it, and what great minds and daring imaginations have left it as a legacy to us. Then come back to the music-hall song, dwell upon its ribaldry, its low, cunning leer, its

senseless familiarity, its degraded Cockney view of life, its inculcation of the manners and tastes of debased and uneducated persons during the licence of a bank holiday. Dwell upon it, I say—dwell upon it. I want to make you hate it. I want to make you hate the state of things that renders it possible for your countrymen to take delight in it. I want to be sure that whoever listens to me to-day will not voluntarily allow his mother tongue to be so dishonoured in his hearing without showing his displeasure and raising his protest. And I want to ask you, the next time you find yourself taking pleasure in this class of entertainment, to remember Old Eccles's palate, and to remind yourself that, if this kind of mental gin seems to refresh you, your mental digestion must be in rather a bad way.

You will say I am talking a great deal about music-halls, and very little about the drama. I am doing it purposely. One of the most noticeable features in our theatres of late years is their gradual appropriation of music-hall talent, music-hall forms of entertainment, music-hall jests, and music-hall songs. I think that is very greatly to be deplored; and if I have spoken with some degree of warmth and bitterness about certain forms of popular amusement, I hope you will allow that the condition of the modern stage justifies some intemperance of speech and feeling. I have no personal feeling against music-hall managers and music-hall performers; indeed, many music-hall artists have found honourable positions upon the regular stage, and have been warmly welcomed there, as they deserved. Many others

of them possess gifts that are comparatively wasted and degraded on the music-hall stage, and could be turned to much better account in the drama. Music-hall managers and music-hall artists must not account me their enemy because I deplore the aims and tendency of much that they are doing. They will not account me their enemy when I say that, in my opinion, the present restrictions upon the performances of stage plays at music-halls are needless, vexatious, harmful, and ought to be removed at once. I am a free-trader in the matter of amusement. What possible harm can there be in allowing plays to be performed on the music-hall stage? I think that many of the public would rather see them than listen to the stupid songs which form so large a part of the present music-hall programme, and many of the artists, by reason of their powers of impersonation and mimicry, would, I think, prefer to be engaged in what is, I venture to claim, more artistic work. And if you wish after your day's work to spend your leisure in a place where you can see a play, and smoke at the same time, why should you not be allowed to do so? I am sure nothing can be validly advanced against allowing music-halls to pursue the highest form of entertainment that their patrons will accept, and no consideration of vested interests should be permitted to stand in the way of what would, in my opinion, tend to inform and reform the tastes of that large body of the public who go chiefly to music-halls for their amusement. It would, I think, also have a beneficial effect upon the performers

themselves, and develop and cultivate their talent on its best side. So I shall give a very cordial welcome to music-hall artists in entering this larger domain of their art as soon as the law permits them; and I strenuously counsel managers of music-halls to agitate for what I conceive to be a perfectly legitimate, and entirely salutary extension, of their functions as amusement providers—an extension they cannot be denied if they choose to clamour for it.

I have spoken at some length upon this subject because the invasion of the theatres by the music-hall spirit, by the music-hall ideal of life, by the music-hall form of humour, seems to me a far more important fact—a fact of far deeper and more national significance than the recent success of one or two Shakespearian productions. I suppose, while this nation holds together, there will always be one or two popular actors playing or trying to play Shakespeare, and, so far as fashion or their own genius is powerful, there will always be crowds round them; that is a permanent fact in English stage history. It does not mean that the great theatre-going public has any profound love or comprehension of Shakespeare; that it would naturally choose either his stagecraft, his language, or his exposition of human life if left to its own judgment. The continual popularity of Shakespeare on the English stage, where it is not a matter of scenic effect, means simply that the judgments of great literary minds, the criticisms of those half-dozen men who do know or who do care, gradually penetrate the indifference and ignorance of the millions who do not know and who do not care;

that the few who have the means and power of judging in literary and artistic matters do in the long run get an authority over the many who have no means and no power of judging, and whose natural tastes are very often the worst possible guides for them. So that thousands now nightly go to see Shakespeare not because their natural tastes lead them to him, but because there is an accumulated weight of authority in his name, and they vaguely feel that it is the right thing to do. Now, I say that the recent success of Shakespeare, though very gratifying to all lovers of the stage, and a thing upon which managers and actors may congratulate themselves, is not of very vital importance. You may take it that Shakespeare will always be more or less popular. What is of very vital importance is the fact that, when the natural taste of the modern English playgoer is given full play, he elects to have a music-hall kind of entertainment at several of his fashionable theatres. He elects that much of the creative dramatic energy of his own day shall take the most foolish, the most frivolous, the cheapest view of human life. Well, but the music-hall trash amuses, and the study of life and manners is distressingly dull. Dull to whom? And why dull? I cannot help it if Mr Eccles assures me that gin is 'cool and refreshing.' To my taste, gin is not 'cool and refreshing.' Whose taste is right—his or mine? Go to the chemical analyst and go to the physician, and ask them whose palate is in the fit state to judge.

On two successive evenings, some time ago, I went to the play of *Hamlet*, and to a

hash-up of music-hall vulgarities called a ‘comic opera.’ On the one night, I sat next to some friends, who, knowing their Shakespeare well, enjoyed themselves, and were amused in the best sense of the word. The next night, at the so-called comic opera, behind me in the pit was sitting a man with a fat, bloated face, a thick nose, and two projecting teeth, and in front of me, in the stalls, was sitting—I shall have to call the most detestable of things by the most detestable of names—a ‘masher.’ I need not describe him further. Now, I am going to read you what Carlyle says about laughter: ‘How much lies in laughter—the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man. Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter, and snigger from the throat outwards, or at best produce some whiffling, husky cachination, as if they were laughing through wool. Of none such comes good.’ That is what Carlyle says. The so-called comic opera began. To me it seemed a tissue of the dreariest nonsense and vulgarity, not merely unamusing but absolutely depressing, and leaden in its attempts at humour. But the man in the pit was in the highest glee. I heard a greasy, wheezy cackle behind me—it subsided—it broke out again—it grew louder and more irresponsible in exact proportion to the stupidity of the so-called opera. At first it was fitful and intermittent—then it became boisterous and chronic. Once or twice I ven-

tured to look round in a mild, deprecating way, and then I saw that fat, flat face distorted through all its vast expanse by a hideous, unintelligent grin, which relaxed or contracted the muscles of the mouth and jaw to show more or less of the two projecting teeth, while the wheezy cackle kept perfect chime, according as the folly of the stage provoked the human marionette to its vacant antics. That was what I had behind me. In front of me was another human marionette. The 'masher,' too, was enjoying himself. I do not know what induces English parents to bring up so many of their sons as 'mashers' and bar-loungers. A carpenter's or a blacksmith's life seems to me so much more dignified, more pleasant, more healthy, more honest—I won't say more gentlemanly, but less blackguardly. The 'masher,' too, was enjoying himself; his laughter, however, was of a different kind to the laughter of the man in the pit. According as what he conceived to be fun on the stage lessened or increased his mirth, varied from an inane, insane giggle to a little tittering shriek. And so there I was between these two all the evening—cackle, cackle, cackle behind ; giggle, giggle, giggle in front—while the entire exhibition on the stage seemed to me ghastly, spectral, demented in its brutish and blasphemous proclamation not that men have descended from apes, but that men are apes, its want of all relation to actuality, its failure to represent even a burlesque or caricature of life, its frank denial of any intellectual power at all in the audience beyond that of being moved by a smart bit of colour, a shapely leg, a catchy, barrel-

organ air. There was not a breath of reality about the whole affair—we were all as idle and as lifeless as ‘a painted ship upon a painted ocean.’ I longed for some physical disaster, some accident, some intrusion of real life to convict the whole ghastly puppet show of its impotency and nonentity. But no. It went on—behind me, cackle, cackle, cackle; in front of me, giggle, giggle, giggle. ‘I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?’

I told you I had another reason for taking my text from Rabelais. Much of his foulness is really exuberant health and spirits. The same may be said of our own Henry Fielding. If they have the coarseness of giants, they have also the strength, the muscle, the intellectual stature of giants. Ruskin has very finely noted one of our national characteristics in the following passage: ‘There is one strange, but quite essential character in us, ever since the Conquest if not earlier—a delight in the forms of burlesque which are connected in some degree with the foulness of evil. I think the most perfect type of a true English mind, in its best possible temper, is that of Chaucer, and you will find that, while it is for the most part full of thoughts of beauty, pure and wild like that of an April morning, there are even in the midst of this sometimes momentarily jesting passages which stoop to play with evil—while the power of listening to and enjoying the jesting of entirely gross persons, whatever the feeling may be which permits it, afterwards degenerates into forms of humour which render some of quite the greatest, wisest, and most moral of English writers now almost useless for our

youth. And yet—and yet—you will find that whenever Englishmen are wholly without this instinct their genius is comparatively weak and restricted.' So says Ruskin. Now I do not know how far this peculiar instinct which Ruskin finds in Englishmen satisfies itself in those forms of popular amusement which I have condemned, and which I hope I have persuaded some of you to hate with all your hearts from this time forth; but, undoubtedly, there is such a vein of coarseness and foulness in our national character, there is such a craving; and I say I would rather nourish the growing generation of England upon Rabelais, upon Swift, upon Fielding, upon Smollett, and upon Sterne—I would rather put these humorists, with all their coarseness, into the hands of our youth than allow them a free run upon the intellectual depravities and puerile obscenities of some of our modern music-halls. There is to me, between these two kinds of humour that I have indicated, all the difference that there is between the healthy dirt of a farmyard and the pestilent contaminations of a choked city sewer.

'The white did signify gladness, pleasure, delight, and rejoicing.' I want to dwell for a moment on the kind of enjoyment and delight that can be obtained from the graver and more serious forms of dramatic art. The Greeks, with all their love of joyous, sensuous life, took the greatest delight in tragedy. Rightly understood, tragedy should not make you dull or unhappy. Especially in our Shakespearean and Elizabethan drama, the majestic blank verse line at once informs you that you are not to take it for real life; you are not to be affected by these griefs as

if they were real. You are, first of all, to be pleased with the splendour and power of the language, by the force and vividness of its images, by the wisdom and truth of its teaching, by the felicitous word choosing, by the cadence, by the style. There is no great tragedy without great treatment—the difference between *Macbeth* and the police report of a murder lies merely in the treatment. Then, next, in certain modern tragedies, where great poetic treatment is impossible or unattainable, your feeling in seeing them is still to be one of pleasure so far as the author has provided you with opportunities of witnessing the great passions in full play, so far as he shows you the dignity, the grandeur, the power of endurance and self-sacrifice that human nature is capable of, so far as he shows you beautiful natures proved and sweetened and strengthened by suffering, and triumphant over all the snares of fortune and evil. And even the final overthrow of virtue, the deaths of Hamlet and Cordelia, the success of Iago's devilish scheme, are not to cast you down or horrify you, because these are related and set forth in such a way as to show the transcendent fearlessness of virtue, her entire absence of self-seeking, her carelessness of reward, her contempt of death.

You know the greatest tragedy of antiquity is the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, where the god was chained to a rock in the Caucasus because he dared to befriend the race of men against the anger of Jupiter. Now, we have a very vivid picture of his sufferings, which you can read in the 'Prometheus Unbound' of our own Shelley—his heart eaten out by vultures, his flesh and bones

rotting and cankered with the rust of his chains, sleep forbidden him, exposed to all the extremes of heat and cold, afflicted with all the tortures his omnipotent enemy could devise—and yet we take the keenest delight in reading of his sufferings because they are not so horrible as his patience and strength and defiance of the tyrant are beautiful; the very cruelty and malignancy of his torments become the measure of our admiration and the levers of our praise. Our pity for him is not so great as our wonder at his dauntless endurance—the physical horror is nothing compared with the spiritual beauty—we are delighted, sustained, comforted, exalted. I find I have got into the second part of my lecture almost without knowing it. I am talking to you of the second great influence which works of art should possess for you: ‘The blue did signify celestial things.’ It is no wonder that I have gradually passed from the white to the blue, for it is difficult to separate the physical delight, the gladness, pleasure, rejoicing which you feel or should feel in a work of art from that state of spiritual exaltation which is the second and higher feeling it should rouse in you—the two feelings are closely allied and overlap each other. But I want very briefly, but very emphatically, to touch upon a subject which is connected with my first maxim: ‘The white did signify gladness, pleasure, delight, and rejoicing.’ I daresay you have heard of a certain school of art, or so-called art, which is called the naturalistic, or sometimes the realistic school. In the painting of modern French life, in the form of a novel, Zola stands at the head of the school. I want to say that our first maxim,

'Art should gladden you,' condemns without reserve all painting of moral and physical disease and hideousness for its own sake. It allows pain, disease, ugliness only in such a way and for such a reason as the sufferings of Prometheus are painted in the tragedy I have just spoken of, and by way of contrast, and to enforce a sense of truthfulness and reality. Miranda would seem too heavenly sweet did not Caliban inhabit that enchanted island too. There are mean, small, foul, and evil natures in the world, therefore let us have Oswald the Steward, Justice Shallow, Thersites, and Iago; but, remember, in all Shakespeare there is but one Caliban and one Thersites. I believe the true rule in this matter to be the one I have indicated in alluding to the sufferings of Prometheus—as much physical horror and disease and deformity as you like, provided it brings out and throws up moral, intellectual, or spiritual beauty, but not a pin-prick of bloodshed, not a squint of the eye for its own sake. Beauty for beauty's sake—Yes. Ugliness for ugliness' sake—No. Health for health's sake—Yes. Disease for disease's sake—No. Virtue for virtue's sake—Yes. Vice for vice's sake—No.

'The blue did signify celestial things.' As I said, I had some hesitation in fixing upon the word 'exalt,' and I do not quite like it now I have chosen it. 'Elevate' is a worse word still—they both smack too much of the Sunday school teacher. I do not mean to tell you that art ought to teach you theology or improve your morals. I think art may incidentally do a great deal to rebuke and prevent the grosser and more repulsive forms of vice. But I am not going to discuss that aspect

of the question. This higher quality of art, this reference to celestial things, is that power which it has of taking you above what is sordid and commonplace and mean in your everyday life. Mark —taking you above, not out of your everyday life. The stress of modern life is so great, the hurry is so fierce, its detail so wearying, that people rush to the theatre to be taken out of themselves. The one demand of the playgoing public to the playwright, so far as I can translate it, is ‘Take us out of ourselves.’ Now, the end of the dramatic art is to show you your daily lives, not to take you out of them, and to show you them well, and in all their complex relations. The best way is to take you above them, and let you look down upon them. That is what the blue signifies for one thing—to give you a higher standpoint for watching humanity, to get you to take a broader knowledge of your kind, to show you the march and procession of human life, from a place where you will not be choked and blinded by the dust from the tramp of that footsore army, and to throw across it a gleam of ‘that light that never was on sea or land.’

Again, the blue signifies mystery, profundity. I daresay you have often looked up at the blue summer sky and tried to pierce it with your eyesight. You never got very far, did you? But the farther you seemed to see, the deeper and deeper did that veil appear to grow. One of the latest speculations about the blue of the firmament is that in reality it is but the absence of light—the all-surrounding darkness takes that colour in every part of the heavens except the small place where the sun is. Almost the greatest quality a work of art can have is mystery—I do not mean that cheap manu-

factured mystery which tricks you into thinking it profound because it is merely unintelligible. Never think anything clever or fine simply because you cannot understand it; great artists nearly always try to be plain—they study simplicity and intelligibility. I mean that other mystery which comes from depth, not obscurity of meaning—the mystery of *Faust*, of *Hamlet*, for instance, which scholars and thinkers were trying to fathom a hundred years ago, and are trying to fathom to-day, and will be trying to fathom in a hundred years time. ‘The blue did signify celestial things.’ It signifies all that appeals to the spiritual side of our nature as distinguished from the merely intellectual and animal—I mean the power that wins our acceptance of our belief in such creatures as Ariel, the ghost in *Hamlet*, the witches in *Macbeth*, Mephistopheles in *Faust*. Then, again, there is that quality which I may call prophecy. I do not mean it in a religious sense, but in that sense in which Shakespeare employs it in his sonnets when he speaks of

‘The prophetic soul  
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come.’

These and many other of the highest qualities of art are signified by the blue.

Well, I want you to insist, as I said, that your stage plays, or at least some of them, shall wear Gargantua’s livery. But I do not know what use it is asking you to begin with your plays and your works of art. It is not a bit of good my coming here to lecture you—your art will never wear Gargantua’s livery unless your lives do. I wish we could get our large cities to don a bit of Gargantua’s livery. I daresay it will have occurred

to you during the course of my lecture that these two colours of blue and white are the chief and almost constant colours that the face of heaven naturally wears to the eyes of all beholders on the earth—the colours that all eyes of all generations have opened upon, and most often had before and above them, except this last generation of Englishmen. What livery do our great cities wear? It seems to me that their fit motto would run something like this: ‘Now—I will not say London, I will say Manchester, Sheffield, or Leeds, or Wolverhampton—now, such and such an English city’s colours are black and dun, for the black did signify gloom, and toil, and sorrow, and heaviness of heart, and a death-rate of forty in the thousand; and the dun did signify earthly things—smart business tricks, mean mundane matters.’ Would not that be a fit heraldic motto for many of our great cities? It is strange that this last generation of Englishmen should be the only one denied a view of heaven’s natural livery, until, in speaking to an assemblage in a great city, it seems almost a sneer to remind them that heaven’s face, for all her children, should be that pure snow white, that clear deep blue which they are rarely permitted to gaze upon. And I would not have mentioned this matter to you to-day if I could only remind you of what you are denied. We shall never get noble, healthy art of any kind in England until it can reflect as sharply as a looking-glass, as clearly as a lake, the noble, healthy lives of the great body, the great mass of her sons and daughters. This reflection must be direct, instant, spontaneous. I do not think I am a revolutionist—I must own that there

are many things in the old Tory ideal of life that charm me and that I should like to preserve. But our cities cannot keep on getting larger and larger—the present social relations will not be eternal. That cannot be a right condition of things which denies pure air, a more immediate necessity than food or clothing, to perhaps five-sixths of the population. But the power is with the citizens—the power is with you—and it will be used wisely, temperately, calmly to bring about those changes that are necessary in your habits of daily labour and daily leisure, and your daily modes of thought. Then those changes that are necessary in the building and adornment of your homes, and streets, and cities, upon which will follow, as the night to day, changes in your art production, in your power of attention to beauty, in your selection and patronage of art, and amongst these changes that one which I have come here to advocate to-day—the formation of a right judgment in the matter of stage plays, and the creation of a school of English drama in accordance with it—so that it will not be necessary for anyone to come and lecture you upon these matters, because all your lives, and all your homes, and all your buildings, and all your pictures, and all your cities will wear Gargantua's livery: 'The white did signify gladness, pleasure, delight, and rejoicing; and the blue, celestial things.'

*ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS.*

BY

THE REV. FREEMAN WILLS, M.A.



## On the Side of the Angels.

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MR DISRAELI made his famous declaration that he was on the side of the angels, speaking at Oxford in 1864. One of Mr Darwin's works had recently been published, and the question as to the origin of man was agitating all circles of society. Mr Disraeli said, 'The question is, Is man an ape or an angel? Now, I am on the side of the angels.' The object of this lecture is to support the angelic theory. Mr Disraeli saw truly that one cannot halt between the two opinions, or hold that man is an ape in origin and an angel in future development. As it is inconceivable that the original apes when they died should have become angels, the belief that man is an angel *in futuro* prohibits holding the theory that he has risen from the Simian ranks. It is incredible that immortality, not to insist on the nature of angels, should have been acquired at some point in the chain of development. It was an original possession, or it is none at all. But the ape theory, to my mind, involves not merely the loss of belief in immortality, but tendeth toward apehood. Man's belief that he is of a higher race, and is related to an ideal

world, has raised him above himself; by abandoning this ground he must return downwards.

If you are apes, my friends, why not act as apes? Why should an ape be ashamed or blush? What is there an ape can do that should give us a moral shock? On the other hand, an ape assuming to itself virtuous airs, and taking a high moral standpoint, is surely infinitely ludicrous.

I am, therefore, on the side of the angels; and by removing the distinction popularly supposed to exist between men and angels, and showing the presumption to be that angels are human beings in an exalted state of existence, I shall do you the service of making you think more highly both of yourselves and of all mankind. And considering how many passages there are in the Bible in which angels are spoken of as men, it would hardly have occurred to any person, *a priori*, to think of them as a distinct order of beings, if poets and painters had not given them property wings, for it is certain they cannot be what are called practicable. Man has always had a great ambition to fly, but all his attempts in that direction have been in vain, for one very good reason, which applies also to angels if they are in the same form as man: nothing in Nature with such legs as man possesses, nothing with a body which doubles up like man's, and has Nature's substitute for wings in the shape of arms, ever was created to fly. Allow for the lightness of the spiritual body, still the shape most unsuitable for flight would not have been given to angels if they had been intended for that kind of locomotion. The difference in form between the bodies of birds and men is so marked that we can

at once say of them, the one kind is created to fly in the open firmament of heaven, the other to plod along on the dry land. Anatomy forbids the possibility of the muscles which work the arms working also a pair of huge wings growing behind them. Common sense indeed tells us this without any appeal to science. You cannot imagine an ox flying through the sky; and if painters or poets had not familiarised us with human forms soaring aloft, it would have been deemed equally absurd to represent a man, with his long, straggling form and rounded head, flying through the open firmament. Mr Stanley converted the savage King M'tesa, and M'tesa asked his prophet the puzzling question, ‘Stamlee, tell us all you know about the angels?’ Mr Stanley, who is a man never at the end of his resources, described to him the pictures of angels in the principal picture galleries of Europe. No doubt, therefore, he told him they possessed wings, although if he had seen that picture of Rembrandt’s recently discovered he would have found an instance in which the same artist, in the same picture, represents one angel with wings and two without. A like discrepancy may be noted in the modern painter Doré, who generally gives his angels wings; but in the vision of the second heaven, in the planet Mercury, which Dante visits with Beatrice, he gives them none; and it will be remembered that the poet makes one of those angels the spirit of the Emperor Justinian. This inconsistency of art may perhaps be accounted for on the theory struck out by a Sunday school scholar. The teacher asked what the angels wanted of Jacob’s ladder, and the child’s explanation was, because the angels were moulting. Per-

haps Doré's and Rembrandt's angels were in this condition. But it is to Milton we go for the most definite descriptions of angels. He gives us an acquaintance even with their individual characters, though in beings of perfection one might think no characteristic differences could exist. For instance, we are introduced to 'the affable archangel' Raphael. This angel is not only affable, but blessed with a good appetite, for as he discourses with the general father and mother he makes the viands disappear 'in keen despatch of real hunger,' and drains the 'flowing cups with pleasant liquors crowned' in a way calculated to give a shock to some of our modern Rechabites. When Satan transforms himself into an angel of light,

‘Wings he wore  
Of many coloured plume sprinkled with gold.’

One might fill pages with Miltonic descriptions of angels with tiar'ed locks and wings of downy gold and colours dipped in heaven, from which, when shaken, heavenly fragrance fills the circuit wide, descending like a Phœnix out of heaven to meet the eagle's highest flight. The ideas thus derived have taken literal root in the common mind. We have seen on tombstones little cherubim, consisting of head and wings; and the story is told of a boy who went shooting one day with his brother and shot an owl. When he came home he told his mother that he was afraid he had shot a 'cherubim.' Of course the popular imagination endows ordinary angels with the power to walk as well as to fly. I remember one Christmas morning taking the choir, in their white surplices, through the alleys and courts of my district in Shoreditch,

singing Christmas hymns, and as they trooped down between the rows of dingy old houses a woman, who came out to her door, thought they were the angels come down from heaven, and that it must be the Day of Judgment ; and she was so frightened that she took to her bed, and never, I am sorry to say, entirely recovered from the shock.

Such pious opinions as we have derived about the angels from poets and painters are found by many persons serious difficulties to belief. It is therefore doing a service to point out that they are no authorised part of the Christian religion ; and if time permitted I might show that Scripture gives no support to the vulgar theory as to angels, but, on the contrary, much to the belief that angels are men in the spiritualised state, and employed, as their name implies, as the messengers of God. Many of the early fathers of the Church believed this to be so ; and except in Ezekiel and the Apocalypse, in which highly figurative descriptions are given of angels, they are in all cases spoken of as men, and in the Revelation itself St John says, ‘ The measure of a man, that is of the angel ’ ; and his ‘ strong angel,’ in plain terms, declares he is a man.

From the earliest to the latest pages of the Bible, the angels who appeared are spoken of as men ; and, on the other hand, Peter’s supposed spirit was called his angel, and our Lord speaks of the spirits of children as angels. The bishops of the primitive Church were called angels—the angels of Sardis, Ephesus, and so on—and St Paul, when he says that women should cover their heads because of the angels, possibly means as a sign of subjection to the bishops.

The Bible declaring plainly that angels or heavenly messengers wear man's shape, speak his language, and show kindred with him by rejoicing over his salvation, the burden of proof clearly rests upon those who deny that angels are men. As such proof has never been attempted, there is really no case to rebut. I will therefore conclude by pointing out the practical importance of this view of the identity of men and angels.

It is an accusation against religion that the prospect of the world to come makes people in this world contented when they ought to be discontented. They allow themselves to be kept out of their rights, while hypocritical monopolists tell them that the poor are blessed, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. If the popular conception of the kingdom of heaven were true, if it were a world of drones, living a useless existence, only sipping the honey of everlasting pleasure, and buzzing praises, the prospect might have such a numbing effect. But heaven is not a world of mere pageantry and song—a world of palace slaves or drones. It is a state in which men are the angels that fly from world to world on quests of love.

What, then, follows? Men here are angels in the antecedent stage, and earth is part of heaven. It is our duty to beautify it, and fill it with righteousness, and make it bright and joyful to the utmost of our human ability—more like the world which is above the clouds in the eternal sunshine. We do not wait for wings to begin our work as angels, or act as if we had only to get an appetite for a feast. The angel in us must be employed already in banishing pain, preventing

sickness and crime, injustice and poverty. Not only that, but in resisting oppression, each for the sake of all, guarding his own rights, and defending his own as part of the common patrimony of freedom. Religion does not teach us, in the affairs of this world, to let men ride over our heads, but rather, by all lawful means, to resist oppression, and endeavour to improve our own and the universal lot.

This world in which we live is not a world we should long to spurn, and, looking out of heaven, to see burned to ashes. It is a world we are to strive to make worthy of that broad kingdom of which it is the under part. So much for the world ; but for ourselves, if we are indeed angels, that is, messengers, an unbroken career lies before us in raising ourselves and the rest of God's creation. We thus lay the foundation of great careers of work and usefulness, and may be as true angels as ever walked the world or communed with patriarchs of old. Not Miltonic angels, with wings of downy gold, but, it may be, with coats patched and of rough material ; nor with faces on which, like the false seraph's, 'youth smiled celestial,' but may be lined with years of thankless labour and bitter disappointment, yet still unsoured and undespoiled of youthful love and youthful enthusiasm.

'Yes, earth has angels, though their forms are moulded  
But of such clay as fashions all below ;  
Though harps are wanted and bright pinions folded,  
We know them by the love-light on their brow.'



*'CLEANLINESS NEXT TO  
GODLINESS.'*

BY

DR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.



## ‘Cleanliness next to Godliness.’

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THERE are probably none amongst you who have not heard of the proverb which I have taken for my text. The majority of people think that this proverb comes from the Bible, and indeed it sounds so like a biblical text that a lady, who had heard me say it was not in the Bible, went through the whole of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, so convinced was she that she could find it. Of course she did not find it, because it was not there. Amongst the Wesleyan body the tradition is that John Wesley was the originator of the proverb; but, in truth, it is many ages older than John Wesley. In fact, it is as old as the Bible itself. The Jewish people have a book which they call the *Talmud*, and in that remarkable collection of writings and interpretations of their scriptures there is a portion called the Mishna, and that is divided into tractates, and one of these is called the tractate Sota, in which occurs this proverb, ‘Cleanliness is next to godliness,’ but it is not always translated in that way. That is a free translation of it. The original translation of it is, ‘Outward purity is inward godliness.’ That is more like the exact translation of it. It has been

translated in various ways, ‘Outward cleanliness is inward purity.’ But the meaning of it really is, ‘Cleanliness is next to godliness.’ Now, I may say that there is no text more perfect in all its meaning than this text. When we think of the comprehensiveness of it, because it means cleanliness in *everything*, then we get something like the light of knowledge in regard to the purity in which this world could be decked. If by some magic spell I could say, ‘To-morrow morning all England shall rise in a state of perfect purity,’ pure in spirit, pure in body, and pure in the full comprehensiveness of the term, then this country would arise in a condition in which it was never known before. All disease would disappear and be banished from the country. I do not think we need hesitate to say perfect cleanliness—that cleanliness which is divine, which is next to godliness—would banish every disease from the community, and if *we* could understand this, and the world at large, we should have the same result. Therefore, this text comes before us with wonderful power when we think of all its meaning. We cannot expect in many generations to carry out its fulfilment. But there are little lessons to be learned which are practicable in daily life, and it is in reference to this part of it that I am going now to ask your attention.

First of all, let us learn this, that cleanliness like charity ‘begins at home.’ If I were to be told there is some contagious disease like fever, or any disease which is likely to pass from one person to another, in a certain house, the first thing to which I should direct my mind would be the condition of that house. I should like to see every part of it, from the attic to the basement.

If in the parts that are generally neglected, such as kitchens and pantries, and places of that kind, I find uncleanness, then I know the difficulties I have to contend with. They are far greater than the difficulties we have in prescribing medicines for the patient. Medical men, of whatever school of medicine, are pretty well of one mind on this point. We prescribe according to the way we have been taught, but in regard to the cleanliness of the house we are all of one mind. In some places where a person is sick I would almost predict a recovery, and in others no recovery, because of the conditions of the house. If it is perfectly clean in all its parts, then we say 'our labour is short.' If it is uncleanly in all its parts, then we never know what is going to take place. Therefore, in our lives, cleanliness should always commence at home.

Passing from that general groove, we come to *ourselves*, and there we say that cleanliness should always commence with personal cleanliness. We should be perfectly pure and cleanly in our person. The very first requisite for a good state of health is cleanliness of the body. Cleanliness of the body means that the body shall be washed *at least* once in the twenty-four hours, from head to foot, with pure water. It is not much to say, and it is not much to do, when it is thought about; but when it is done, it is of the greatest possible importance, because cleanliness of the body is not simply good for the personal appearance which it conveys, but it is good also for the effect which it has directly upon the body. The skin is a breathing surface, just as well as the lung is a breathing surface. The skin is covered in all

its parts by myriads of small openings, which lead down to glands from which water passes off. We send it off in the form of an invisible vapour, which relieves the body of much that requires to be carried away. The cleaning of the skin, the opening of these myriads of little mouths leading from the glands, is one of the most important things that can be done in daily life. And it is not a great deal of labour that is wanted. I have known a person to say 'I cannot take a bath every day, because I cannot fit up a bath in my house in consequence of its limited space.' That is a very lame excuse indeed. Nothing more is wanted than a plain tub, or ordinary bath to stand in, and no more water is required than about a gallon. There is no necessity for splashing about. Then all you want besides is a piece of soap and a rough towel, and the washing need not take more time than three or four minutes. You just stand in the bath or tub and sponge yourself from head to foot, and then dry yourself briskly with a rough towel. That is all the cleansing that is required. Of course I very much approve of public baths. There you learn to swim, which is a very great element indeed; but the ordinary cleansing bath required is no more than what I have described. If the child is taught from the first to have its bath, then when it grows up the boy or girl will be so accustomed to it that he or she will not feel well without the bath regularly.

After the cleansing of the body generally, I want to deal with another important topic, and that is the cleansing of the teeth and the mouth. The teeth are very much neglected in these days.

In past times it was never thought necessary to use any means of cleansing the teeth. Even now there is a great want of care in this respect, and much of the badness of teeth which we see, and the necessity which so many of us find for going to the dentist, lies in the circumstance that the teeth, in early life, are not properly cleansed. For a correct mode of life the teeth should be brushed both night and morning with a soft brush. The teeth are so delicate that the 'chasing' of them is very much impaired by the use of a hard brush. A soft brush, with a little tincture of myrrh in the water, is all that is required. And, then, it is just as important to clean them at night as in the morning, because during the night you are lying there, so to speak, in a helpless state, for seven or eight hours, in one atmosphere; and if you have decomposing material in the teeth, that is creating a bad atmosphere itself, and all night you are breathing it. Therefore, the cleaning of the teeth at night is as important as the morning cleansing, and I would urge on all mothers to teach their children that from the first.

Next we come to dress. The dress should be perfectly clean at all times as far as it is possible. I have put that in a little saying which I sometimes use myself, viz., 'Health will not be clothed in dirty raiment.' And there is a great deal of care required here in regard to what is worn, because although you may have the body comparatively clean, still the dress should be clean also. Great care should be taken in regard to dress; however simple, however poor it may be, the chief care should be to keep it always cleanly. In the different parts of the world where I have

been I have seen the greatest possible difference in this respect. The French workmen, for instance, are not so cleanly in some respects as our English workmen. The supply of water to their houses and closets is not so good as in England, and in many other respects they are far behind us ; but with regard to his dress the French workman is in advance of the English workman, and it is in this way that whenever he goes into the workshop he puts on a blouse. This is a capital system, because it keeps the dirt of the employment from the under-clothing, and the blouse is light and very easily washed. See a body of French workmen preparing to go to dinner or to tea ; they take off their blouse, and beneath, as regards cleanliness, they are comparative gentlemen. They go much cleanlier to their food than do our English workmen. I think it would be a wise thing if we could get our English working men into the habit of wearing a blouse. It is especially good for painters and plasterers, and men of that kind, who are engaged in occupations which of necessity dirty the dress. So, also, in regard to those employed in shops ; a lighter covering should be worn than that which is usual in this country. It is a very good plan to put on light dress in shops. It is done in part where aprons are worn, but a good blouse would be better even than the apron, and even look better. And here we might introduce all kinds of fashions, using different materials for the purpose, and different colours for different occupations. This matter of working dress is, I assure you, one which should never be overlooked.

Now we come to the *house*, and here in the house we find three or four sets of windows. I

will first dwell upon light, 'cleanly light.' We have been in error in reference to light. Our forefathers were so grossly ignorant that as legislators they actually put a tax upon light. In a house that belonged to me in the country, some years ago, I found that about twenty of the windows, large and small, had been all stopped up, so that there were only a few windows that were free to the light. They had been stopped up to save the window tax! This impost had a very bad effect on the community. It made people think that light was not necessary, and from this another bad habit sprang up. In olden times it was thought that if a person were sick it was necessary to make the room dark; and some two or three centuries back the rooms used to be hung with dense cloth all round, and the window blinds pulled down. So it became a kind of habit to keep the windows closed, particularly the windows of the sickroom and the bedroom. Nothing could be worse than that. It is the greatest mistake to have a dark room. Sometimes when you pull up the blind you find all is dirt and confusion, everything is in disorder; the air is bad, and everything else. The light is essential for the health of the person. All these little particles of poisonous substances which give us our diseases are destructible by light. The light *kills* them. If it were not for the presence of light every pond would become, in the summer time, a source of disease; but the light decomposes and renders harmless the poisons which emanate from them. I once made a remarkable experiment with the poison of the cobra. I had some of these snakes sent to me from India, and I

wanted to ascertain how this theory of the killing properties of the light would obtain in regard to the cobra's poison, and I found that by merely exposing it to the light it lost its venomous properties altogether. In the house, then, every part should be accessible to the light. There is no such place for sickness and bad health as a dark place. It is just the same in the vegetable world. If you want celery blanched, you bank it up so as to be kept out from the light—just in the same way you see the white faces in the dark alleys and the dark houses. There are some parts of the world where the people live in the valleys in comparative darkness in consequence of the difficulty the sun's rays have in penetrating to the vales, and there we come across the people with white faces, those people called 'Albinos.' When the great poet of Germany, Goethe, was dying he called out to his friends: 'More light, more light,' and that is what we should always keep in mind—more light. It is what I am continually endeavouring to teach, always to have plenty of light. In the bedroom it is quite unnecessary to close the shutters or anything of that kind. A light blind is all that is required. Never shut out the glorious light. So soon as the sun begins to rise, and is pouring his light over the earth, he begins to refresh the earth, not only by his power of making the showers, but by the power he has of destroying that which is deleterious. And, therefore, in the bedroom of the child and the grown up person the light should enter freely, and then the foundations of a healthy house will be largely supplied.

Then, again, in addition to cleanliness of light,

there should be cleanliness of water. The greatest care should be taken in regard to the water supplied to the house. We have learnt within the last fifty years a good deal on this question. We know that there are some diseases, such as cholera, which are carried entirely by the water. The water carries the poison along, and we have the fever called typhoid or drain fever, because it gets into the water and makes it poisonous. In our large towns, like London, we are getting fairly supplied with water. London water is very creditable at the present time, and very little is required to make it quite perfect. But in some towns the water is very bad indeed, and requires to be filtered. A little piece of charcoal in a vessel, with a little space underneath so that the water can go through it, is all that is required to make a good filter. In places where the water is very bad another step is also requisite, and that is to first *boil the water*. Water boiled is in the condition in which all organic matter is destroyed. Then that water passed through charcoal becomes a perfect drinking water. When I have been travelling in different parts of Europe, where the water was bad, and where the only substitute was the native wine (almost as bad as the water itself), I always succeeded in getting the water boiled, sometimes under the pretence of having it to make tea or coffee, because the natives did not like the water to be found fault with. But wherever we may be in England, we have only to boil the water, and then filter it, to make it fit to drink.

And now as regards the air. It is very important that we should have pure air. The air should pass freely into the house, not so as

to make draughts, for, of course, that is bad. I wish I had the time to explain how the air can be freely circulated through the house without creating draughts. However, there are many little text-books on the subject which will tell you the way in which the air can be passed through the house perfectly pure. It is always easy to filter the air by making it pass through some woollen stuff.

One word about food. Cleanliness in food is of immense importance. And here we may learn a lesson from our Jewish neighbours. They are especially careful in the preparation of their food, and a great deal of their length of life, which is perfectly wonderful, and their continued health and vitality, lies in the care which they pay to the food they eat. They have professed inspectors of animal food, who see that food containing disease never enters into their houses, and they are equally careful in regard to the preparation of the food which they put on the table. We are not so careful as they are in this respect. I need not explain to you how bad food would be if it were improperly cooked, because uncleanliness is largely destroyed by cooking. With regard to working men. You see when you go out in the morning the workmen going to their labour, carrying their dinner wrapped up in a handkerchief. There can be nothing worse than that. That very food which the workman is going to consume is to become a part of his body, part of his brain, muscle, and bone. It is *himself* he carries in this way through all the dust of the street. When he gets to the workshop he puts his bundle carelessly anywhere—on the floor, on the rung of

a ladder, on a heap of shavings—and thinks no more about it. No wonder he gets indigestion and other disorders of the stomach; and bad teeth, bad breath, and other uncomfortable consequences arise from the careless preparation of his food. How easily all that might be prevented! A small basket lined with pottery, or something of that sort, would keep his food clean and pure. A considerable number of days of sickness in the year might be saved by a little carefulness of that kind; perhaps eight or ten days of sickness might be prevented by that single precaution. There must be care in the workshop as well as in the library of the scholar, especially against dust. The dust that comes into the rooms should be provided against. In our industrial centres we find a sad want of carefulness; and, indeed, we sometimes find an obstinacy in the matter which is surprising. Men and women are engaged amidst dusts that lead of necessity to a short life. In some of the factories which I have inspected, particularly where such trades as carding are carried on, it has been calculated that if a girl goes in at the age of sixteen she dies at twenty-four, from the evil effects arising from the dust. It is the same in the districts, like Sheffield, where steel sharpening is carried on. In the time of the Corn Law agitation two men of the name of Abraham and Elliott invented a magnet which the workmen could affix to their grindstones in order to attract to itself the particles of steel. A workman of that time tried by a poem to bring the grinders to a sense of their danger from inhaling the small particles of steel. He was watching a man who had cast the magnet aside,

and was dying from the effect of the steel he was breathing. He says,—

‘There draws the Grinder his laborious breath,  
There coughing at his deadly trade he bends,  
Born to die young, he fears nor man nor death,  
Debauch and riot are his bosom friends.  
He will not live, he seems in haste to gain  
The undeserved asylum of the tomb.’

Now, I leave these truths with you. I would have you keep them clearly in your mind. Treasure them in your heart. Determine resolutely for them, and, lifting up your voices above the rest of the community, be assured that you can do more to secure the property of health than any power that now exists. Exercising your powers in these simple details you will become benefactors to every section of the community ; you will teach them to rise, not only from poverty to competency, from despondency to happiness, but from weakness to power. It is by such agencies as these that we should get exchanged the sordid rooms of disease and early death for the vestments of perfect health and perfected life.

*'IS THE GAME WORTH THE  
CANDLE?'*

BY

THE REV. R. CYNON LEWIS.



## ‘Is the Game worth the Candle?’

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PERHAPS I ought to state at the very outset that the address I propose to deliver this afternoon can scarcely answer to the description given to it as a lecture, because that of necessity implies very careful and very elaborate preparation upon a specific subject; and as you have things of this kind constantly, and I am standing in the list of lecturers, in a very critical position, between two great men, in somewhat of a gap, it is very possible I may be doing good service in giving you just a little relief in not being quite so elaborate this afternoon.

The subject on which I propose to say something is, ‘Is the game worth the candle?’ Long before the days when gas was extracted from coals and other minerals which lie embedded in the bosom of the earth, and converted into jets of light that illumine the world, and certainly long before it was thought possible to catch the electricity that flowed unbridled in its wild career, and reduce it to practical use in lighting the Polytechnic and other places, our fathers and forefathers were satisfied with other means of looking at each other’s faces on a dark night. Long before Mur-

dock, Franklin, and Edison were considered fools for daring to entertain the idea of lighting up the world in this fantastic fashion, the candle had become quite an institution, which contained more light and leading than all similar institutions put together. Contemporary history fails to throw very much light upon its first introduction to us, or its discovery; suffice it to say, from the frequent references made to it in ancient documents, in the Bible, and elsewhere, that it must have been known in very early, probably in prehistoric times. Tabernacles and temples were lit up by it, and so were other public buildings of every possible description ; among others, the theatres were entirely dependent on the all-important candle, and, like the Yankees' 'almighty dollar,' the candle had become an almighty light. It so happened that plays were sometimes placed on the boards in France that were either poor in themselves, or were made poor by inferior acting, and when either was the case the gods were free and frank enough to shout for very life, 'The game is not worth the candle,' by which was evidently meant that the plays were not worth the candles that gave the actors sufficient light to do their inferior acting. It may be a kind of spiteful consolation to know that sermons and lectures are not the only poor things going. There is a play now and again, if we may in any way rely on the criticisms, which is not commensurate with the cost laid out upon it ; so that waste is not altogether confined to the pulpit, the lecture-room, or any other branch or department of life, whatever that branch or department may be. But it strikes me that the proverb, or the origin of it, does not set the right

value on the candle, for it is by no means easy to play a game in life equal to the candle that burns out in witnessing it. Some of us know the meaning of burning the candle 'down to the very socket,' and others may know the meaning of burning the candle 'at both ends,' and, of course, to the reflective the question must occur, Have we anything to show for all this? The problem meets us at every point in life, and it must be something more or something less than a mere pessimistic way which interrogates with the inquiry, Is life worth living? or, in other words, Is the game worth the candle?

Men of real service to humanity have no hesitation in offering a decidedly affirmative reply. Erasmus, as a boy, used to read by moonlight because he could not afford a penny to buy a torch. John Sebastian Bach used to hide himself away in a garret at midnight, and there write, by the light of the moon, harpsichord music from celebrated composers. Handel had to do the same thing by the light of the moon, to play upon his dumb spinet, when everyone else was in bed, or his father visiting his patients, lest he should find him out and punish him. I am quite sure there are none, this afternoon, here who will for a single moment deny that the game these men played in life was worth the candle which they could not get; and were it not for the midnight effort—minus the midnight oil—it is very questionable whether these men would have conferred upon the world those strains of music which have been the means of driving many a devil of despair from many a human heart.

Take men of action. David Livingstone, the

factory lad of Blantyre, going to his work at six in the morning, and never leaving off till eight at night, sitting up till midnight to master the rudiments of Latin, until he was able to read Horace and Virgil right through before he was sixteen. Abraham Lincoln, the pioneer boy, writing his name with a charred stick on slabs and walls, and even on the snow in winter; and when he had become sufficiently proficient to write a letter, it is no wonder that his father exclaimed, ‘See, Abraham, how much it is worth to be able to write! Why it is ten times more worth than the trouble it was to learn,’—and millions of emancipated slaves have long ere this endorsed the verdict.

Instances might be multiplied, from different branches of life, in order to show that men who are guided by right motives, and who are in any way inspired by right purposes, can make life worth living. The Athenians raised a statue to Æsop, and placed a slave on the pedestal in order that all might know the way in the world was open to everyone.

I am quite well aware that a thousand things may offer a negative reply to this question if immediate results are to be taken as the only true criterion. Take the great social question in London to-day, the various agencies of every possible description at work in the East end, funds raised, money spent, efforts put forth in order to elevate the social condition of the people. If we are to cry out in despair simply because Whitechapel has not become as fashionable as Belgravia in less than a week, and the docker is not able to drive his family in a carriage and pair in Rotten Row in less than a month, then, of

course, we must come to the conclusion that the game is not worth the candle! But we maintain that wealth is not the highest and noblest condition of being after all, and the well-known exclamation of Queen Elizabeth on her deathbed, when gasping for breath, 'A million of money for an inch of time!' implies that there is something of greater value even than wealth. In the midst, therefore, of everything—in political strife, in social effort, and even in religious organisation—the question must come to us, Is the game worth the candle anywhere?

Let the question be put to individual men and not to collective companies; and since, perhaps, life has more to do with the young than the old, let the question be put to the young. 'It depends upon the liver,' says the inveterate punster; and I have no doubt we might add that the man who has, or is, a sluggish liver cannot hope to make much of it after all, so that the truth is more significant than the pun. Were the question put to me, as a young man, I would reply that it depends largely, after all, upon our conception of life. If the aim and end of life is to eat and drink and be merry, to study bills of fare and tax our brains in order to find out the best possible dish for breakfast; if we are incapable of a higher intellectual effort than to discover the whereabouts of the best possible butcher, or the best tailor in order to do the 'masher,' and than exhausting our mental energies at night in senseless laughter, then I must come to the conclusion that the game is not worth the candle, and I would say with Benjamin Franklin, 'Young man, you pay too much for your whistle.'

If, however, our conception of life consists in the amount of real, true service that we crowd into our life, whereby our neighbours become better and nobler in consequence, I would certainly say without hesitation, ‘Yes; the game is worth the candle.’ When Count Tolstoi’s son had completed his education, he asked his father what was the best use he could make of his knowledge, and the father replied without hesitation, ‘Well, you had better take a spade and help the peasants to clear the snow from the road,’ and a very sensible piece of advice, too, which many a nobleman’s son would do well to carry out, and there would be fewer ‘Jubilee Plungers,’ and fewer gambling hells in the fashionable quarters of London to-day. But is it not a piece of advice that all of us might well take to heart? I know perfectly well that snow clearing is not conducive to the highest self-improvement, and is not in any way an indication of skilled labour; but in the absence of anything better it is well to do service in any way that may add to the comfort of our kind. Far be it from me to advocate even seemingly that those destined for higher things should be hewers of wood and drawers of water. If there are ‘village Hampdens’ and ‘mute, inglorious Miltos’ still abroad, let them aim at higher things—the world is wide. There was good philosophy in the act of the Saxon schoolmaster who used to doff his boys when he met them every morning; and there is good logic in his reason for so doing, for, said he, ‘among them there may be a great man’—and true he spoke—there was among them one Martin Luther, the monk who shook the world.

There is no royal road to true greatness. You may be born princes and peers and become intellectual paupers without any effort. But there is a possibility of becoming a prince in a higher and nobler sense than the State can make you one. The pioneer boy who became a president is a higher stimulus to industry than the acts of all the princes put together. It may be a long way from the log cabin or the tanyard to the White House, but the journey has been accomplished successfully once, and why not again? It is well to remember the well-known saying of Daniel Webster, 'There is always room at the top.' 'I have not yet quite decided,' said a young man to a lawyer, 'what to adopt as a profession. Is your profession full?' 'Well,' said the other, 'the basement is pretty well occupied, but there is plenty of room upstairs.' That is the great difficulty after all, to climb to the 'upstairs' of any profession. It is possible to do it if there is ambition, which is healthy, as it is legitimate. I know very well that the greatest of all poets has said, 'Fling away ambition, by that sin fell the angels'; but, at the same time, there is ambition and ambition, and without it the world would fare very ill. It is not a matter of necessity that any should be another Wolsey, fawning at the feet of royalty; there is an ambition which is humanising. It appears that the three great elements, as they have been called, of success are Tact, Push, and Principle. It is possible to have the first without having the second—genius without perseverance. It is altogether possible to have the second without having the third—that is, application without conscience. Lord Macaulay said of Sheridan

that he might have ruled the world if he had had a conscience. What a noble thing it is, after all, to find a man who throws his conscience into everything he says and does. It is said sometimes that those who are identified with Christian churches and chapels are not always the most scrupulous in their dealings with men outside their own particular communion ; it is true they are devotional enough on the Lord's day in church or chapel, but somehow or another they seem to know a wrinkle or two about the knack of pocketing their conscience between Monday morning and Saturday night, and of course it starts up quite fresh again on Sunday morning. Now, is this true of no one else ? Are they the only people against whom this charge can be brought ? I know quite well that if there is a man who is identified with a Christian church and he figures in a police court, or the divorce court, or any other legal tribunal, there is a howl and a yell raised as if all those who are connected with churches or chapels belonged to the same class. I sometimes read of others than these, who have distinguished themselves as destroyers of homes, and wreckers of the most sacred relationship of family life. Judas is certainly a bad man, in the church or out of it, and it is therefore well that Judas should be left out of the question in judging the merits of any system whatever. Is it true that men are to be found all over the country who reject, for instance, the religion of Jesus Christ simply because, for instance, it does not meet their need ? The game, they say, is not worth the candle. What kind of Christianity have you put to the test ? Is it the Christianity of a Church

or Churches, or the Christianity of Jesus Christ pure and simple? If the former, I am not surprised that you should be disappointed; but if the latter, I am sure, eventually, there must come a change o'er the spirit of your dream. I am not here as the special pleader of any particular doctrine or creed, though I certainly believe we are nearer the truth at the Congregational Church at Stockwell than anywhere else. Still, there is a higher and nobler way of testing this Christianity than that, which may be described within the borders of denominational lines, or theological shibboleths, or parochial limits. We therefore challenge every man to seek Christianity pure and simple, wherever he is. Is the religion of Jesus Christ worth seeking? Is the game worth the candle? How is it that misconceptions arise as to the Christianity of Jesus Christ? Some people say we have our doubts. I admire the man who doubts because he thinks; but I pity—I was going to say I despise—the man who doubts because he wants to sin. The doubt which is created by thought and the doubt created by inclination to sin are different things. Lack of principle, or lack of religion, is the beginning of every laxity in moral integrity. Lord Bacon has been called the brightest, the wisest, and the meanest of mankind. A man of greater tact never lived, a man of greater push never lived, but a man of smaller principle seldom, if at any time, lived. We are in no way under-rating the strong moral character and tone of those who have rendered service to the community, who may doubt the existence of God Himself, but we maintain that the highest possible morality has not been maintained until men accept the

morality set forth by Jesus Christ Himself. Some may not remember the noble words spoken by Henry George a few months ago, at a farewell *soirée* given to him before he left England. He said, ‘I have a faith and have had for many years. I believe in God. I find it is this gives me my idea of the harmony of things ; it gives me something beneath on which I can stand ; it gives me something above in which I can trust ; it gives me something before that I may hope for.’ Ah, my friends, it is not very long since men of his type would have been looked upon with a good deal of suspicion, but now the suspicion is growing beautifully less, and promises to be reduced to the vanishing point. It is reassuring to know that this man, who created so much distrust, because of our want of knowledge, was an intense believer in the very same God, and accepted the same gospel as we do. Now, we like men of this kind. We would say that progress and Christianity are in no way opposed to each other ; and when Christianity is understood in this right way, we say that the cause of Jesus Christ and the cause of the people are one. There is no system—even in this lower sense—there is no system on the face of the earth which encourages more thoroughly every kind of development, and which rejoices more heartily with every achievement, and every victory, and every triumph in the secular domain, than the system which was created by Jesus Christ Himself. It is not mere sentiment which claims among its followers Milton and Shakespeare among poets, Raphael and Michael Angelo among painters, Handel and Mozart among musicians. We have no occasion to blush at this

roll of honour. It is impossible to over-estimate the real worth of true Christianity, and men in their anxiety and in their ambition to get rich, or to satisfy their greed in some other direction, seem to very conveniently forget, or to suppress the voice of conscience, and then they proceed with the very accommodating policy, 'Trade is trade, business is business, and profession is profession.' No; trade is not trade, business is not business, profession is not profession. It is the devil's lie; it is the devil's invention. I say that trade is conscience, business is religion, and profession is principle, or nothing whatever. An American wit said, some time ago, in proposing a toast, that the youth of his country reminded him of the three degrees of comparison. First they tried to get on, then they tried to get honour, and finally they tried to get honest. I am afraid there is something more than a joke in this after all, and that it is characteristic of more than the youth of America. John Bull seems to be quite as well up in his grammar as Brother Jonathan, but when grammar is preferred to morality we are compelled to cry out, 'No! the game is not worth the candle.'

Well, there is no earthly reason why a man may not try to get on; there is no reason why a man should not get honour, but let the man get honest first of all. There is no reason why a man should not burn the midnight oil in order to attain the goal upon which his soul is set, but for God's sake let us have the right motive, in order to guide us in our doings. But while we advocate this as the highest test of moral integrity, we are anxious that this Christianity should in no way be misunder-

stood. It is not a religion which insists upon rigid asceticism, which drives away every ray of sunshine from our life, and leaves it cold and cheerless, but a religion which ennobles and beautifies every faculty in our being. The late Hugh Stuart Brown of Liverpool hit the nail on the head when he said that when Paul said we should put off the old man he did not mean we should put on the old woman. You are still supposed to be manly and cheerful and young, but at the same time the demands and the claims of conscience and of principle and of morality are higher and greater than ever before. It may certainly shut you out from participation in the meannesses and trickeries of an immoral turf; it may preclude you from entering into those hells upon earth where gambling is the presiding genius; it may save you from those brainless lordlings who are trying to bring about moral ruin to themselves and all about them; it may teach you that a hundred pounds upon a favourite horse is not most conducive to the welfare of the community; it may teach you that a thousand pounds won or lost in one night will not in any way solve the social problems of London or anywhere else. I say that I thank God that the moral tone of English society is beginning to wake up on this matter, and will make its voice heard at last; and the day is dawning when these things shall no longer be tolerated. Let conscience have a voice—the golden age must dawn e'er long.

When Garfield was asked to do a thing of which his conscience did not approve, he replied, ‘Well, I represented for many years a district in Congress whose approbation I greatly desired, but

there is one now whose approbation I desire still more, and his name is Garfield. He is the only man with whom I am compelled to sleep ; he is the only man whom I am compelled to live and die with, and if I did not get his approbation I should have very poor and very bad companionship indeed.' This, I take it, is the true criterion —the true reply to the question, 'Is the game worth the candle?'—that we may depend not on outside influences, not on circumstances in any way, but upon a right conscience between us and God, and between us also and man.

'Take thou no thought for aught save truth and right,  
Content, if such thy lot, to die obscure ;  
Wealth falls, and honour ; fame may not endure,  
And noble hearts soon weary at the sight.  
Keep innocence ; be all a true man ought ;  
Let neither pleasures tempt nor pain appal.  
He that hath this hath all things having nought—  
He that hath it not hath nothing having all.'



*EARTH TO EARTH, OR BURIAL  
AND FUNERAL REFORM.*

BY

DR DANFORD THOMAS.



## **Earth to Earth, or Burial and Funeral Reform.**

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SANITARY legislation during the last thirty, and more particularly during the last ten years, has been abundant, and the results have been in many degrees satisfactory. When large bodies of the community congregate together, as they do in this huge city, it becomes necessary to deal systematically with sanitary matters. In order that we may preserve our health and prolong our lives it is necessary, therefore, that power should be vested in the local authorities for the proper carrying out of the sanitary arrangements. You will all agree with me that the great cry now is : 'Let us have more sanitation ; let us look into the homes of the poor ; let us see how the poor live. Have they sufficient fresh air ? is our water pure ? is all our refuse taken properly away ? how do we get rid of the contents of our dust-bins and other refuse ? what becomes of it ? is it taken away, or does it remain to pollute the atmosphere ?' These are matters with which we are all familiar. No doubt in regard to some of them we require still more legislation, and still more effective means of making our towns healthy. London is one of the healthiest cities in the world, considering its vast

population and the great area over which it extends. Well, when we consider how necessary it is that we should do all we can to maintain our air and water pure, in order that we may enjoy health—which means enjoying life—we must take care that we look into the various sanitary conditions I have mentioned; but we must also look into other matters which some of us are very apt to neglect or postpone altogether. The question of death, for instance. That is a question which sometimes we do not care to approach. We do not care to consider what is to be done with our dead. When death comes, and we have lost from amongst us those we love, it is hardly then the time to consider what should be done with regard to the disposal of the body; we have to place that in other hands, and we usually have to follow the customs of our forefathers in that respect. So it is that this matter is, as a rule, very little thought about or talked about amongst us.

I will, first of all, refer to what took place some thirty or forty years ago. At that time it was found necessary to hold an investigation into the state of the churches and churchyards of this great metropolis, and as a result many of them were closed, because they were found to be so full of human bodies. In reference to the disinterment of human remains, or the disturbance of cemeteries, I may mention that at the time of the disturbance of the Holborn churchyard many of the bodies were found to be almost in the same condition as when they were interred many years previously—in the reign of Charles II. The wood of the coffins had not decayed, but the bodies were in a very decomposed and offensive condition.

And still later, in the case of St Pancras church-yard, which was disturbed in connection with the railway, the sight I there saw would have horrified you. I need not say what I did see, but it was only by extra payment and a very liberal use of disinfectants that men could be got to do the work at all. That is an illustration of the condition of some of our churchyards many years ago. Then it was thought advisable to establish large cemeteries round London, as you know, and the time has now come when these cemeteries also are getting into almost the same condition through being overcrowded, and in consequence of our unsanitary method of burial. Let me refer, in passing, to the various means of interment which have been adopted from time immemorial. Burial under the ground is one which has always been adopted in certain communities. The Egyptians used to embalm their dead, that is, they actually 'preserved' the bodies so far as they could; they were disinfected by a special process, and made inoffensive, and these embalmed bodies have remained the same for thousands of years. I believe King Ramses, who was one of the Pharaohs, is now in the British Museum! There is nothing offensive about that, because they preserved the bodies properly; but our method of attempting to preserve them is a complete failure—it simply delays the body resolving itself into its component parts. Then we find that even cremation is mentioned in the Scriptures, *i.e.*, we have evidence of bodies having been burnt. You remember how, when Saul and his three sons fell in the battle against the Philistines, their bodies were taken

away by the enemy, and their armour was placed in the house of Ashtaroth, and their bodies nailed up on the wall of Beth-shan. What happened? The men of Jabesh-gilead went up in the night and took the bodies away, and burnt them to ashes. So that we have evidence that at that early period they did burn their dead, though perhaps the object was that they should not be retaken by the enemy. We also know that in India and other places it has been the custom to burn the dead. I am not here to advocate cremation. I have, at the same time, no objection to it, although it is true there are some medico-legal objections to it. I am here to ask whether it is not possible for us to improve upon our present mode and custom of interring our dead, viz., burial in the ground. That is, no doubt, the most natural way in which to dispose of them. I will give you a few examples of the way in which our cemeteries are being now filled up. First of all, I would remind you that these cemeteries are for the most part the properties of private companies, who, of course, consider them from a commercial and financial point of view, consequently the larger the number of bodies interred the more satisfactory is it to them. What should be done to prevent the cemeteries from becoming objectionable is to place them under the control of the local sanitary authorities, who should be compelled by law to select proper sites, and proper soil in which to inter the dead, and indicate how such interments are to take place. I may remind you that the Jews never put more than one body in the same grave. It has been calculated that in a cemetery covering seven acres

of land as many as 1,330,000 people could be buried, at the present rate of ten in a grave, one on top of the other. Now, when we want to get rid of something that is offensive we generally put it in the ground and let it come into direct contact with the earth. By that means the earth, which is a great disinfecter, absorbs all that comes from such buried substance. There would be no further escape of noxious vapours into the air, or of particles of decomposing matter to do injury to the living. One of the present methods of interring the dead is by means of vaults or bricked graves. In such constructions nothing can go downwards; everything must come upwards, which, of course, should not be the case. Then the body is placed either in a leaden or in a strong oak coffin. These are not hermetically sealed, because in the process of decomposition some opening would be made; but when the body is so coffined, the earth cannot get to it, consequently the decomposition goes on slowly, and what should be absorbed into the earth and become harmless is carried off into the air and becomes offensive. Some of the cemeteries amidst us at the present day are at times offensive. I do not hesitate to tell you that Brompton Cemetery is one. In 1880 the Board of Health reported to the Government that Brompton ought to be closed; but that has not been done, and interments still take place there. Interment in oak and leaden coffins only lengthens the process of decomposition; it does not preserve the body at all. In fact there is no mode of preserving dead bodies except that adopted by the Egyptians, namely, embalming

them properly. The present method, therefore, delays the decomposition of the body. Besides, even if you purchase a piece of ground in a cemetery, it is generally used for the burial of five or six. Sometimes there is not even any earth placed between each coffin. It may be unpleasant to contemplate these matters, but I think the only way to obtain a reform in this respect is by discussing the question at such meetings as this, so that when the time for legislation comes (and it is fast approaching) the public may be prepared to see it properly carried into effect. Now, the consequence of this improper mode of interment, the piling of one body on top of the other, cannot be otherwise than injurious to the public health. It may not be easy to point out that such a man died from the direct effects of living in the neighbourhood of one of these overcrowded cemeteries, or that the sickly, pale child is pining away from the same cause; yet we do know that wherever the air is impure, in any shape or form, there lies a danger to the community at large, and though those who live in the immediate neighbourhood may not be able perhaps to perceive the dangers, yet that they do exist we know. How careful would we be if we thought there was any likelihood of any impurity getting into the water that is supplied to our homes. We know that typhoid fever and other disease are frequently traced to impure water. But what are the diseases which are traced to the impurities of the air? Really, I should be afraid to mention a great many of them. Many, perhaps, have not any name. We know that people who live in a bad atmosphere generally feel ill; they suffer from headaches, and look pale

and miserable, and they are generally puzzled to account for their condition. But send them away to the country, into pure air, and immediately you find that their health returns. Their illness is caused, in many cases, because the air they breathe is polluted. Therefore, if we can in any way prevent the atmosphere from being polluted, we ought to do our best to prevent it. If you agree with me, I would ask you, when this matter comes on for legislation, to assist, by supporting and talking about it, in passing it into law. You know how difficult it is to get laws passed sometimes, especially if there is much opposition. Sometimes an appeal to the people is necessary, and we generally find that governments are diffident about passing a law that has not received the general assent of the people. And I do not see how, in such matters as these, the people can form any strong opinion unless they are brought up on such occasions as this.

Another point in regard to the interment of the dead is that we should be careful not to keep them too long in our houses. Abroad, two or three days is the utmost that a body is allowed to be kept. There is no law on the subject in this country. There is nothing to prevent your keeping a dead body a month except, of course, the sanitary regulations. If it were possible to keep the body from being offensive, there is nothing to prevent your keeping it any length of time. What we want is some legislation limiting the time between death and burial. In our country it is perhaps not so urgent that interment should take place as in warmer countries. The Jews, even to the present day, do not like the sun to set twice

before burying their dead, and, as I told you just now, they never bury more than one body in one grave. Therefore they set us a good example in that respect. Then, again, I might refer you to the advice of Solomon. He tells us to 'go to the ant and be wise,' and there is a little incident related in the book of the late Rev. J. G. Wood, *Man and Beast*, which illustrates that advice. He says: 'This is a fact which had been observed with regard to ants. A lady was obliged to kill some of these insects. Their dead bodies lay about on the ground. Presently a single ant found its dead companions, and examined them and went off. Soon it returned with a number of other ants. Four of them went to each dead body, and proceeded to carry it away, the main body, some two hundred in number, coming up behind. The four bearers took their 'office' in turns, one bearer relieving the other when they were tired. They went straight to a sand hill, and there the bearers put down their burdens, and the main body immediately began to dig graves, one dead ant only being placed in each grave, and the soil filled in. The most curious part of the proceeding was that some six or seven of the ants refused to assist in the digging of the graves, whereupon the rest set upon and killed them, digging one large hole and tumbling them all in.' If that is true, we may well go to the ant and learn to be wise, and do what they did, viz., inter one body in one grave. You may say, perhaps, 'the expense is a matter which we must consider.' What I maintain is that the local authorities should purchase the ground, and that it should be kept up out of the rates and taxes. By that means the ex-

pence of interment would be limited to the actual cost of the land and the actual expense of maintaining the cemeteries. Then each head of a family would be enabled to purchase a plot for himself and his children sufficient to enable one body being interred in one grave. By this means the present evil effects arising from the mode of interring many bodies in one grave would be obviated, with advantage to the health of the living. There is a cemetery which carries out these conditions. The soil is made specially suitable for the purpose. They also carry out what is called reform of funeral administration. But in these matters a great deal depends on sentiment. We cannot ride roughshod over personal feelings. It is exceeding difficult to suggest new ideas on these matters, because we are so much creatures of habit. Still, I believe that by gentle means we should gradually be able to get reform in these matters. We should literally give effect to the ordinance, 'earth to earth.' In Charles II.'s reign, and still more recently, bodies were interred in this country without any coffins at all. In one village church there was a charge made for the use of a coffin—five shillings—to carry the body to the grave. Then when the minister said he consigned the body to the grave he practically did so. A winding sheet was all that was put round the body. No doubt, as bodies had to be carried greater distances, it gradually became necessary to have something of a substantial nature in which to remove the dead, and in this way, I presume, we have come to the custom of interring the dead in coffins. There are substances of which coffins can be made which perish easily, and then in

a very short time the body comes in contact with the earth itself. In some countries the body is confined in a kind of wicker-work coffin, which answers almost the same purpose. At anyrate I would do away with those leaden and oaken coffins, and mausoleums also, unless the body were specially embalmed. Unless something of this kind is done, I would warn the people of London that our cemeteries will in a few years' time all be uncomfortably full, and be a source of danger to the public health.

With regard to the disposal of the body before burial. We have in the West end of London a good many excellent public mortuaries where bodies can be placed to await interment. We know how hard it is to part with those we love, respect, perhaps adore, but at the same time there are conditions where, in crowded neighbourhoods, in the houses where the poor live, it is very necessary that there should be some provision made for the body to rest between death and burial. It is necessary, under certain conditions, that such public mortuaries should be provided. They should be properly built, not old, rubbishy buildings, but proper, artistically built mortuaries, such as we have in St Pancras and in St Giles's, in Clerkenwell and Paddington. I have found little or no objection to bodies being removed to these mortuaries, and I would strongly advocate their extension in all parts of the metropolis.

With regard to cremation there are certain medico-legal objections, but otherwise I do not see any. So long as we are certain that death has occurred naturally, where there is no suspicion of foul play, there can be no objection to crea-

tion ; but that is one point we must be quite certain of. When there is a suspicion that death has not been caused naturally, if the body is interred in the usual way, it can be exhumed and examined, but in the case of cremated bodies, of course, no such inquiry could be held. If there is no reason to suspect foul play, then I say the sooner the resolution of the body into its component parts takes place the better for the community at large. Still, I do not anticipate that cremation will become general in this country at all events.

One word with regard to funeral arrangements and expenses. People frequently order funerals at a cost considerably beyond their means. It is often very sad to see the amount of money that is swallowed up in this way amongst the working classes—perhaps the whole of the money that comes to the deceased's family from the club or the insurance society. The poor seem bound to imitate their richer neighbours even in the matter of funerals. The money so spent might very much more advantageously be spent for the benefit of the widow and children. Then the fees that are sometimes exacted in connection with cemeteries ought to some extent to be abolished. There are fees paid to the vicar. You must bear in mind that vicars are often paid by these fees only, and that being the case, if you deprive them of their fees you deprive them of the only emoluments they have, and sometimes the amount received is but a nominal sum. In London, of course, a great many clergymen have lost these fees to a great extent. I have heard many clergymen say they would be quite prepared to make arrangements whereby they might

be abolished altogether. Thus the reduction of these fees would be one way of cheapening the cost of interment. Then the cost of the ground would be lessened a good deal if the corporation had the entire control of the cemeteries. Then, again, there is a great deal of extravagance outside of this. Take the practice of sending wreaths and flowers. Sometimes these cost large sums of money. A wreath frequently costs a sovereign or more. The habit has become almost a tax upon the community. If you do not send a wreath to the funeral of a friend you are thought to have neglected one of the last offices to the dead. I must say this, that during the last ten years undertakers themselves have done away with a great deal of what many consider to have been objectionable. We do not now see so many of those great plumes which used to cover the hearse. We see carriages of a less gloomy character, and many undertakers would be quite willing to go even further in this direction if public feeling were in favour of it. Then with regard to mourning dress. We know that that is sometimes very expensive, especially for the female portion of our families. A man may be content to wear an emblem of mourning in the shape of a band round his sleeve or hat, but not so with women, who sometimes go to great expense in mourning clothes. I think that that might be very much lessened. Sometimes a man's death is the means of plunging his family into comparative poverty, and this is actually increased by the expense of mourning, etc. The time at my disposal does not permit me to go further into this matter, but if I have been the

means of inducing some among you to consider this question, I shall be satisfied. You will hear more on the subject when legislation is inaugurated; but I hope you will just think over the matter at your leisure, and see whether we do not want in this great city some reformation in the arrangements of our funerals and in the mode of burial.



*'BEWARE OF DOGS.'*

BY

THE REV. H. C. SHUTTLEWORTH.



## 'Beware of Dogs.'

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You have seen that text, or something like it, upon a notice board, or perhaps on a door-mat, but I wonder how many of you could find it in the Bible? And I wonder still more how many of you could tell me what St Paul meant when he warned his friends at Philippi to 'beware of dogs'? I am sure, however, that few of you would suppose him to mean the same thing as the notice board or the mat. It was not of four-footed dogs that the Apostle was writing. He meant *men*; men whose character and qualities seemed more animal than human; men who, in their own lives, showed forth the cunning, the fierceness, the want of restraint, the cowardice which mark the wild dogs of Eastern cities, without the intelligence, the faithfulness and the obedience of our own four-footed friends.

It is necessary that we should be warned of dangers which lie in our path. Wise parents warn their children, careful teachers warn their pupils of the difficulties in their way, of the risks that they must face. You, young men and lads, just now on the threshold of active life, have many a danger to encounter, many a risk to run

in the course of the years that are before you. There are only two ways in which you can learn how to meet them; one is by your own experience, the other by the experience of those who have met them before you. Young men are often impatient of hearing from their elders of the perils of life, and how they may best be overcome; they prefer to find out for themselves. You may save yourselves from many a bitterly repented mistake, and your life from many a sorrow, and your friends from many a heartache, if you will listen to the '*Beware*' of older folks than you. They have been along the path you are just entering, and they have good cause to know its dangers. Listen, then, to-day to the warning of a man who knew human life as few have known it—a warning that rings down eighteen centuries from the lips of an apostle of the Lord.

'*Beware of dogs.*' Beware of men who are like Eastern ban-dogs in their coarse, brutal thoughts and behaviour; they are among the worst of all the dangers that threaten a young man's life. Let us try and get a nearer view of them by considering what manner of men they are.

1. First among the *dogs* of whom I would have you beware I place the cynic. Perhaps that is a word you do not know, so I will explain to you that it means *dog-like*. You may have heard of the famous Diogenes, who was called 'the cynic.' He was not a very pleasant sort of person. He thought himself too good to live among ordinary men and in the same way as others lived. So he went away from the

town, and lived in a tub outside it, and spent his time in snarling and growling, like an ill-conditioned, bad-tempered cur, at his fellow-men and all their ways. There was no good among them, he said ; all men were selfish, mean, and vile. What looked like earnestness and self-sacrifice was only greed in disguise ; no man was ever yet honest, or woman true. He did not object to be called a cynic, because even the dogs were better than men ; they did not pretend to be decent, or loving, or anything but what they were.

Let me remind you of a Teacher who spoke very differently of the human nature which He wore. *Jesus Christ* did not tell us men were so bad that He could have nothing to do with them. He came and dwelt among them, and worked to make them happier and better, and told them that even the worst man had the power of being something different, if only he would turn from the evil and choose the good. He spoke sternly enough of the wickedness and selfishness of men ; but He bid them remember that they were, after all, the children of God, made in His image, and that it was unworthy of their nature to be base.

Young men and lads, which will you have for your master, Diogenes or Christ ? The cynic or your Saviour ? There can be but one answer in all this great assembly. Then beware of the cynics of to-day ; of the dogs of the nineteenth century, who would have you believe that all men are really selfish at heart, and that you need not try to be better than your neighbours. They will snarl out their sneer at the brave man who risks

his life for another, and say he only wanted to be praised in the newspapers, or get the Humane Society's medal. They will growl out their grumble at the parson who takes his life in his hand for the sake of the heathen of Central Africa or East London, or at the Sister Dora who devotes herself to the poor, and say they are paid for it. They have no belief in generosity, or enthusiasm, or unselfishness, or truth, or honour, and only scoff at the earnest souls who have. These are the men who laugh when a good man falls, or a bad man, who has repented, slips back into his evil again. 'I told you so,' they croak forth when a man sinks below himself. 'She is not the first,' they hiss out when a woman falls. And they do not care that these are the thoughts and the words of dogs and devils rather than of men!

Oh, young men, beware of dogs! Beware of those truest servants of evil who would have you believe that there is no such thing as goodness, or manhood, or God; who meet all eager effort with a sneer, and stand by with gibes when men falter and fall in the race of life, or give up striving after the high aims that once they had. So sneered Mephistopheles, in the great drama of *Faust*, over the happiness and the purity he had wrecked; so scoffs Satan in the great Scripture poem of Job, as he asks his mocking question, 'Doth Job serve God for nought?'

You who take Christ for your master, and not Satan, you are pledged to believe in righteousness, and not in baseness. Never listen to the voice which snarls and whines its cynicisms at

your side ; above all, never defile your lips by speaking them yourself. Beware of dogs ! of all sorts and conditions of evil ! But, above all the rest, beware of the cynic, for he is but another name for the mocking spirit of evil himself.

Next among the dogs whom you must beware I will place the *puppy*. I need not explain to you who and what *he* is. You know him well, and despise him thoroughly, I hope. The fellow who has so much ‘side’ on that he can neither think nor talk about anybody but himself ; the man of swagger and conceit ; the silly boy who curls his hair like a girl, and even draws a fringe across his forehead ; the empty-headed, flashily-dressed, vain and vacuous duffer, who doesn’t care for outdoor or for any games, and is bored by books—there is the puppy, in all his glory. He is called a puppy, I take it, because he is blind—blind to all the best side of life—because he has all the impudence and all the ignorance of a puppy ; because a puppy is always a nuisance, and generally deserves to be kicked. He is not so mischievous, perhaps, as some of the other kinds of dogs, but he is one of the most objectionable of the whole pack. He can snarl with the most bad-tempered—when he has a smaller dog to deal with ; and bite with the most vicious—when nobody is looking. And so I bid you beware of him ; beware of having him for a friend, for he is not to be trusted ; beware of the puppy spirit in yourselves, lest it spoil your own manhood.

3. Then we have the jolly dog. He is often a hearty, good-natured sort of fellow, with a loud, cheery voice, and off-hand, pleasant manner. He is capital company, sings a good song, tells a

good story, and holds his own at cricket or football. But he is too often to be seen coming out of the public-house or loafing outside it. He borrows half-a-crown of you, and forgets to repay it. He is always wanting you to take odds or to give them upon the next race, and it is whispered that one or two of his transactions in this way have been rather doubtful. It is said that in his home he is by no means so genial and jolly as he seems to be when outside it. His private life won't bear looking into. In fact, he is a fraud, and you must beware of him, for he is a dangerous fraud. Never trust him or let his good-natured manner impose upon you. His heart is as hard as a stone, and he is the very last man to help a friend in need. He is selfish and shallow. Beware of the jolly dog.

Hardly more dangerous, if less attractive, is the sly dog. The jolly dog rather likes to be called a sly dog now and then, but he is not the real article. The genuine sly dog is always looking after himself, and scheming and plotting to get something out of you. He will watch, and wait, and calculate his time and his chances. He will be your friend, and seem to make himself really useful to you, but he will really make you useful to him. You will get into all the trouble, while he reaps the advantage. He leads you into mischief and evil before you know it, and then turns round upon you. He is a clever, cruel, heartless, and entirely selfish creature. Beware of him ; he has wrecked many a promising young fellow's life and hopes. Have nothing to do with him ; let him see from the first that you have been warned, and mean to heed the warning to beware of sly dogs.

There are other varieties, enough and to spare, of the dogs of whom St Paul would have us all beware, but I will only now remind you that to 'go to the dogs' is the phrase we use for men who have left the path of earnestness and right, and become reckless, hard living, and godless. Many a lad, once eager to do right and to keep his manhood stainless, has swerved aside from the path, and we say when his name is mentioned, 'Ah, poor fellow, he has gone to the dogs.' To the dogs of intemperance, and impurity, and foulness of life and mind; to the dogs of remorse and bitterness of spirit, and hopelessness of heart. The poets of the old heathen world placed at the gates of hell, for guardian, Cerberus, the three-headed dog, at whose very name men trembled. Well they might, for to 'go to the dogs,' lightly as we use the words, is to enter into the very jaws of hell.

Beware, then, of dogs, of cynics, of puppies, of the jolly dogs, of sly dogs, and all the rest of their kind. Beware of the dog spirit within yourself, that coarse, bad, animal nature which we share with the dogs, and which strives to get the mastery over the man in us. It is manhood which we have to develop and to discipline, to educate and control, to manifest and to save, 'Let the ape and tiger die!' Let the beast within us give way to the man within us,— 'Christ in you, the hope of glory.'



*BATTERING-RAMS, OR MORAL AND  
SOCIAL REFORMERS.*

BY

PERCY CROSSE, ESQ.



## Battering-rams, or Moral and Social Reformers.

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I suppose all who have studied the histories of ancient Greece and Rome know what is meant by a battering-ram; but in case some of you do not know what it is I will tell you. At one end of a long and heavy beam, sometimes attaining the length of 120 feet, was affixed a massive iron head, in form like the head of a ram. This instrument was suspended by two strong ropes to a crossbeam sustained by two large logs, which in their turn were sustained by the earth. When it was desired to break a way through the wall of a fortified city the entire apparatus was set up within convenient reach of the fated wall. Then the heavy beam, armed with the iron head, was swung backwards and forwards by the vehement exertion of (possibly) some hundreds of men—the head coming at each swing with inexpressible violence against the hostile walls. No wall could long remain intact against that usage. The stones were loosened, cracks became manifest, and a small opening was made, which gradually became a large one; finally, a practicable breach was made, through which the besieging army was able to enter the city. It was comparatively easy

to pass through the wall when the opening was made in it; but it was exceedingly difficult to make the opening. The ram's head was of hard material, and fitly so, for it had hard work to do. Persons of soft material, physically and morally, passed in with facility after the ram had done its work, and it is probable that a great many of them, thus easily entering, did not reflect much upon their obligations to the battered old head which had borne the brunt and cleared the way. By this time it had likely enough been taken down from its supports, and was lying in some neighbouring ditch half concealed by mud.

But my object this afternoon in taking as the title for my lecture, which does not lay claim to entire originality, the word battering-rams is not so much to talk about the instruments used by the ancient Greeks and Romans as it is to consider for a short while the, to us, far more practical subject of moral and social battering-rams, *i.e.*, moral and social reformers—human beings who suffer many hard blows in opening a way through old prejudices and abuses. Think how hardly men fare who bravely set themselves to break through some old prejudice. All kinds of abuse, all kinds of misrepresentation, all kinds of malignant railing, are the common portion of such men as *propose* improvements, political or social, and try to bring these improvements about. Sorely beaten about the head are the moral and social battering-rams! Take, for instance, those who proposed the Corn Law repeal, or the reform of the infamous penal laws which disgraced our Statute book, or the reform in the army, including the abolition of

flogging human beings to death, or the abolition of negro slavery, or the making the representation of the people in Parliament cease to be in great measure a grim farce. How these men were vilified and misrepresented. Look back over the files of old newspapers and magazines, and think what the poor ‘heads’ had to come through! By-and-by a breach is made in the thick wall of selfish interests and unreasoning prejudices, and then people who had neither the courage nor the hardness of nature to stand the first buffets get all the good out of them, and quietly walk through the breach opened by the sorely battered heads of the moral and social battering-rams. There are some things about Luther, for instance, which we cannot altogether like, yet what an inexpressibly hard head of a battering-ram he was! In these days we have had a battering-ram in Mr John Bright. You may have thought him mistaken at times, if you please, but you cannot deny he had magnificent pluck. Who can recall the determined face of that great popular leader without feeling he was the man to batter down what he thought to be an injustice, and yet what opposition he met with! How abuse, misrepresentation, and malignant railing were heaped upon him, when he was but battering at the old wall of prejudice on behalf of the people whom he loved. You will find such to be the case with all great men who have fought for a great cause, though that great cause was *right*.

Take for another instance the case of Francis Bacon, afterwards Lord Verulam, one of the wisest men who ever lived. In his day, *i.e.*, about two hundred and fifty years ago, the scientific men knew very

little about either wisdom or science, and if any learned men longed to become very wise and cunning, and to get power over this world, and the things in it, they flew off to witchcraft, charms, and magic. And Francis Bacon told the learned men boldly that they had all been wrong together, and that their wisdom was no better than a sort of *madness*, and that the way for man to be wise was to get God's wisdom—the wisdom with which He had founded the earth—and to find out God's laws by which He had made this world. 'And then,' he said, 'if you can do that you will be able to imitate God in your own small way. If you learn the laws by which God made all things you will be able to invent new things for yourselves, *for you can only subdue Nature by obeying her.*' That was one of his greatest sayings, and by it he meant that you can only subdue a thing and make it useful to you by finding out the rules by which God made that thing, and by obeying them.

Let me give you an instance of what he meant in saying this. You have all seen lightning conductors, which prevent tall chimneys, steeples, and buildings from being struck by storms, so that the lightning runs harmless down. Now we can all see how this is conquering the force of lightning in a wonderful and beautiful way. But before you can conquer the lightning by a conductor you must obey the lightning and its laws most carefully. If you make the conductor out of your own head and fancy, it will probably be of no use. You must observe and follow out the laws which govern lightning. You must make the conductor of metal wire

or it will be useless. You must make it run through glazed rings or it will be only more dangerous than no conductor at all; in short, *you must obey the laws which govern lightning if you wish to conquer it.* Or, take another illustration of Francis Bacon's theory, namely, steam. Man could not conquer steam and make it drive his engines and carry his ships across the sea till he found out and obeyed the laws God had given to steam, and so without breaking the laws man turned them to his own use, and set the force of steam to turn his machines, instead of rushing idly out into the empty air.

All this was quite unknown in Bacon's days over two hundred years ago. Well, when Francis Bacon told men his new wisdom—that you can only subdue Nature by obeying her—when he acted as a battering-ram against their old wall of prejudice and ignorance, they laughed and scoffed as fools always will at anything new, and heaped all kinds of abuse upon him. But, after a while, wise men, one by one, tried his plan, and so a hole was made in the wall of ignorance by Francis Bacon the battering-ram. For they found he was right; and they went on, and from that time those who followed out his theory began discovering wonders of which they had never dreamt, and those who did not, but kept to the old ways of witchcraft and magic, found out nothing, and made themselves a laughing-stock; and, after a while, witchcraft vanished out of all civilised countries, and in its place came all the wonderful comforts and discoveries which we have now, and which, under God, we owe to the wisdom of the great Francis Bacon. Cotton mills, steam-engines, rail-

roads, electric telegraphs, sanitary reforms, cheap books, penny postage, good medicine and surgery, and a thousand blessings more, that great man Francis Bacon—afterwards Lord Verulam, Lord Chancellor of England—has been the father of them all. And now the wall he acted as a battering-ram against and he the great battering-ram are both laid low, and I daresay many of us, who are now partakers of the multitude of benefits he fought to win, never even cast so much as a single thought on the debt of gratitude we owe to him. This is hardly to be wondered at, for it is the way of the world with regard to most great moral and social ‘battering-rams.’

But there have been many beneficial things brought about by less important battering-rams than great men like Luther, John Bright, and Francis Bacon. There is almost always more or less of a wall of public prejudice to be knocked down, or a breach to be made through it, for every social and political reform, however small, that is introduced. For instance, when stage coaches were first introduced there were people who raised a terrible outcry against their introduction : they would drive the old stage waggons off the road, they said ; horses would perish ; disease of the brain would be brought on by travelling through the atmosphere at the awful rate of eight miles an hour. Then, later on, there was a terrific cry raised against railways : they would drive off the road the old stage coaches—the glory of England ! But the battering-rams have done their work, and the walls of prejudice, in these respects, have gone down, as other old walls will doubtless go.

We may well rejoice that there are those who gird themselves up and go forth to fight with what they think wrong, for there are very many enlightened persons who see the wrong and privately despise the stupidity of such as stand up for it, yet who have no mind at all for the fight, and so would just let the wrong go on and flourish.

But we may all, in our own small way, act as battering-rams. We all daily see many wrong things in the place of business, amongst our companions, ay, in this very Polytechnic, amongst the members who make use of it. We know that we should get much ill-will by pointing such things out and trying to correct them. We have learnt, by experience perhaps, how much trouble and sorrow come of proposing and carrying out even a very small improvement, and so there is a great temptation to sadly sit still till a braver man of thicker skin appears and does the work. Of course this is cowardly, but it is natural, and grows always more congenial to our nature as we grow older. But a thing is not always right because it is natural to us, and so we cannot hide ourselves behind this foolish excuse. If we are going to be real manly men, *i.e.*, men who will go in for and uphold all that is noble and honest, and straightforward and pure, in ourselves and in the world, we must constitute ourselves into moral and social battering-rams, in the circle in which we live, by being and countenancing only what is right and good and healthy. We must take as our motto the conjugation of four verbs : I am, I ought, I can, I will. *I am* a man of body, mind, and soul capable of many and

great things. I *ought*, or I owe it to myself, to my companions, to the world at large, and to my God, that I make the most and the best of myself, so that when I leave the sphere of my existence I may leave it better, both as regards myself, as regards my companions, and as regards the world, than when I entered it. I *can*, i.e., I can do this because I have the power to do it if only I will make use of all the opportunities and capabilities God has given me. And, lastly, knowing that I AM a man of such parts and powers and capabilities, and knowing that I OWE it to myself and my companions, and to my God, and that I CAN do it, I WILL do it. I will only be and do and countenance what is right, and honest, and straightforward, and noble, and pure. Of course we should only act as battering-rams in order to bring things to a higher standard of general good. There is a proverb which says 'Let well alone,' and we should not attack anything with a view to getting it altered from a merely selfish point of view, but only when we are convinced that it is wrong, and that it should be altered in the interests of the general well-being of all concerned.

But, on the other hand, though we should always manfully stand up for and insist upon being and doing all that is true and noble and manly, and show by our disapproval that nothing base or mean or vile will be countenanced by us for one moment, yet we must not constitute ourselves into judges of other people's private affairs, or become prigs. There is, to my mind, no more pitiable or ridiculous or objectionable object to behold, or to come in contact with, than

one of those canting, stuck-up, hypocritical, interfering young men who, I believe, think themselves almost too good for this world, and parade their so-called goodness by comparing all their companions unfavourably with themselves, and who, forsooth, call themselves ‘Christian young men.’ A young man who goes about *talking* of his goodness, and *parading* his so-called religion, and dealing indiscriminate condemnation against all except those who belong to his own exclusive, and perhaps somewhat ignorant, school of religious intolerance, interfering in other people’s most private affairs, is giving himself the lie direct when he calls himself a Christian young man, for, in the first place, he is not a true Christian, and, in the second place, he is not a real man. To be a Christian is to be Christ-like, and to be Christ-like is to be humble, kind, straightforward, courageous, *DOING* and not talking; and to be a man is to be honest, brave, noble, and courteous. I venture to think the young men I have just alluded to do not possess these necessary qualifications.

It is my earnest desire that all you young men should be real Christian young men—Christian men in the true sense of the phrase; but my last desire would be to see you weak, effeminate milksops, veneered over with a coating of cant merely to parade as the genuine article.

What are the necessary characteristics, then, in a man to make him a useful moral and social battering-ram?

i. He must be a hard-headed man, after the pattern of the ancient Greek and Roman battering-rams. He must be honest and true to the heart’s

core, and his sole object in acting as a battering-ram must be the welfare of the community in which he moves, whether it be the world at large, the place of business, the Institute, or the home.

2. He must be a man of undoubted moral courage, who, knowing that he is right, can, when necessary, stand against all the chaff, abuse, or misrepresentation which may be heaped up in his way. It is a pitiful sight to behold a man who has ventured to stand up for what is right, or to attack something that is wrong, and because he is set upon by those who wish to keep up the wrong, gets frightened, and begins in a cowardly way to retract what he has said or done, though he himself, and all around him, know perfectly well that he is entirely right, and that the wrong exists.

3. He must be a man of untiring determination, of unwavering firmness. He must have persistence in the thing he undertakes. The battering-rams of the ancient Greeks and Romans did not accomplish a breach in the wall of the fortified town with one big bang, but by a succession of bangs, and they KEPT ON until the hole was made. Be brave and honest and pure and God will be with you.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth and falsehood, on the good or evil side,  
Then it is the brave man chooses ; whilst the coward stands aside,  
Doubting, in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.

*THE MANUFACTURE OF CRIMINALS.*

BY

THE REV. FREEMAN WILLS, M.A.



## The Manufacture of Criminals.

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WHEN you are going to bed at night many of you take precautions that your doors are barred and bolted, and windows securely fastened. You look suspiciously into dark nooks and corners, and perhaps provide yourselves with an armoury of weapons. Such precautions are not unnecessary ;

Sleep must lie down armed, for the villainous centre-bits  
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights.

The cause of these terrors is, of course, the burglar. And when you have blown out the light, you hastily gather up your feet into bed, and timid people do not feel quite safe until they have put the blankets between themselves and all nocturnal visitations. It is pleasant then to hear the tramp of the policeman in the street below soothing us into false security—‘*impendente ruina, Nos jubet dormire securos.*’ But, have you ever thought, as that solid tread died away into the distance, what the Government is doing to remove the danger arising from these banditti who infest town and country in modern times? They are not the class that yield to a sudden temptation. One might imagine them to be a curious survival from the

Middle Ages, when people who had anything of value to lose were obliged to live in fortified castles. They are professionals who raise burglary to a fine art, gain information of our habits, ingratiate themselves with domestic servants, make architectural plans of our dwellings, and find no obstacles in bolts and bars. They are a continual cause of alarm to the unprotected and timid, and there are few who cannot remember the domestic processions which were formed when we believed burglars had found their way into the house at night—the master armed with the poker to batter their heads, and the wife with candle and nightcap to shock their propriety. It must be felt that the existence of such beings thus making war upon society is an anachronism in the present age.

Some months ago, it caused no little sensation when the Recorder of Liverpool told the public in plain terms that this desperate class is its own manufacture; that the judges inflict such terrible and crushing sentences for trifling offences that punishment loses its deterrent effect, and an unnatural race of desperate men is bred that could not be developed by any non-artificial process. The judges are men of such a high standard of virtue that they cannot make allowance for the temptations of those nurtured in the evil tradition of the streets. There are, to my knowledge, people in London who literally pick up their living in the gutter. I have for years known a man who, like the scavenger dogs in Eastern cities, lives upon the crusts, heads of fish, and other offal which he picks up in the streets. Such a poor wretch, when the pinch of actual

starvation comes, sees a scrap of meat upon a shop-board, and, like a hungry dog, runs away with it. He is caught and punished as if he were a fallen angel. What is done to him depends on the temper of the judge, or upon the judge's cook. The judge, whose stomach is full, sees the great enormity of the offence of the man, whose stomach is empty. His soul distends with horror at the crime of purloining a scrap of meat. For this act of starving instinct the poor wretch is crushed under a tremendous doom, not badly matching the eternity of punishment in the other world. His offence is likely, notwithstanding, to occur again when he is uncaged, the moment the pang of hunger, the instinct of self-preservation, the cry of a famished brood, the opportunity and the sudden impulse combine. Then comes in the doctrine of accumulation, against which the Lord Chief-Justice has protested. After number one offence has been expiated by more than a full punishment, it is taken into account with offence number two, and the punishment is for one and two combined; at the third, for one, two, and three; at the fourth, for one, two, three, and four; and so this merry sum is worked out, till the victim of the doctrine of accumulation is sent to penal servitude, which, as Lord Esher said, is 'the most abject and terrible form of slavery.'

Now, why is all this? For what object? The object of punishment is not vengeance. The Bishop of Peterborough says its object is not the reformation of the criminal. It is nothing so sentimental as that. Its end is the protection of society by deterring from crime. Let us say that it is so, then I will endeavour to prove, first,

that it does not deter; secondly, that if it did, society has no right to inflict such disproportionate punishment for its own protection; thirdly, that the true way for society to protect itself is to deal mercifully and to reform.

I. The proof that you do not protect society is easy. I have the statistics here, but figures are dull and I will not inflict them upon you. I will only say about one-half of the criminals brought to conviction in a year have already served terms of imprisonment, and one-fourth (including nearly all convicted of burglaries) have already suffered penal servitude. There are scarcely any burglars but those who have taken out the degree of burglar in penal servitude, and thus been manufactured by the State. That such an article should be turned out is inevitable. The Governor of Portland Prison, in his evidence before the Penal Servitude Acts Commission, declared that such prisons have no reforming effect, and are, he practically admits, simply colleges of vice. The author of *Five Years' Penal Servitude* says, 'I have become acquainted with more that is bad and evil, together with the schemes and dodges of professional thieves and swindlers, during the five years I served the Queen for nothing than I should have done in fifty years outside the prison walls.'

On the whole, I think, the statistics show there would be few burglars if there were no penal servitude, and if we could once get out of the vicious circle of crime and punishment. They are the original petty pilferers elevated to the rank of desperate criminals. When they have reached that stage, punishment has lost its terrors. There

is no other path for them in life, for there are few who would knowingly have a convict in their employment. The hardened criminal looks on the possibility of having to do another 'stretch,' as incidental to the burglar's lot, and is no more deterred by it than the sailor from embarking on the sea by storms and shipwrecks, or the soldier from pursuing his calling by sieges and battles. He consoles himself with the knowledge that seventy-five per cent. of crimes reported to the police escape detection, and the severity of punishment only makes him more desperate to escape capture, more cunning to avoid it.

2. But are the punishments that lead up to such results just and justifiable in themselves? My position is that they are not. Take some examples which are culled from the *Times* newspaper. A man was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for stealing a garden fork. He had previously done seven for stealing a rabbit snare. Another, to seven years for stealing a cup—a bitter cup it proved. Another, to eight for stealing some water-cresses and shell-fish. Another, to five for stealing herrings. Another, to thirty-four years altogether for articles whose united value was under one pound. I deny the right of society to inflict such disproportionate punishments.

Bishop Magee, far from a sentimentalist, says, though in a different connection, you must not for the sake of ten thousand men inflict injustice on one. He says, if wrong may be done for the weal of the majority, we might, on that principle, kill and eat our prisoners.\* Truly, we might

\* 'The State and the Sermon on the Mount,' *Fortnightly Review*, January 1890.

justify the rack and the thumbscrew. But it is on that principle that we *do* inflict tortures even worse, because they last for long years, that seem eternities. When the Jew inflicted stripes, the divine command stayed his hand one short of forty lest his brother should seem vile in his eyes when punishment had degenerated into cruelty. Surely the man on the bench has forgotten that the man in the dock is, after all, his brother.

3. The true way to protect society is that more excellent way expounded, and tried with such satisfactory results of experience, by the Recorder of Liverpool : to inflict short sentences proportioned to the offences, and that do not exhaust their effect ; and, by treating the first stages of criminality in a rational manner, prevent the offenders from being matured into hardened and desperate ruffians.

Of course we cannot literally apply the Sermon on the Mount to the administration of law. In *Les Misérables*, you may remember how the good bishop entertains the convict from the hulks ; and when in the morning the man decamps with the silver-plate, and the officers drag him back into his presence, the bishop asks pleasantly why he forgot to take the two silver candlesticks which he also gave him. He thus saves the man from being sent back to his doom, and the flash of heavenly pity, fusing his nature into nobler mould, makes him the hero of a prose epic. The law cannot, however, as a trustee for others, say to the man who has taken the contents of the plate-basket take the two silver candlesticks also.

But without actually adopting this heroic

mode of treatment, at least we might be scientific, and, for the sake of society, study cases, and try to cure. The diagnosis of each case should be made by competent persons, and by kindness, by religion, by shocks of mercy, by after care, we might save untold sums of money, endless human misery, and remove a growing danger. Instead of treating prisoners as dogs, we should try to build up their self-respect. In *Les Misérables*, each time the good bishop calls Valjean 'Monsieur' it is like a drink of water to a thirsty man. In Charles Reade's great story, when Robinson, in the dark cell, is on the verge of suicide, he is saved by the voice which calls through the darkness 'brother.' Try to make criminals, not yet desperate, feel that they are men and brothers, in a term of imprisonment that will not drive them to despair and harden them with the sense of cruel injustice; and then lead them out of temptation and deliver them from evil.

The day may come, but I fancy far in the twentieth century, when even a more rational and scientific view may be taken of crime, when, as we send a sick man to the hospital not for a fixed term, but until he is cured, we shall send the criminal to prison for treatment. And as doctors do not in cases of bad disease fly into a passion and call out for asafoetida and all their vilest drugs, or insist on the most agonising operations, so those who have to deal with the diseases of crime will in a calm and scientific spirit, and without anger, but rather with humane pity, devote themselves to their cure. And thus an old maxim, nearly forgotten, but as old as Christ, may be

remembered, that we are to overcome evil with good.

You may think, perhaps, that I am talking about things of which I have no personal knowledge. This is not true. I have acted, at an age when our impressions are strongest, as deputy-chaplain of a prison ; and I observed masses of men and women being manufactured into hardened criminals, in every stage of the process.

The cure of prisoners naturally gave me an interest in their trials. I have sat in court and seen a youth of not much more than twenty put upon his trial for murder. The evidence of motive in this case was extraordinary. When only sixteen years of age, still attending a Sunday school, he was employed by a farmer, and helped him to drive his cattle to the fair. When they were sold, and while his master was enjoying himself in the inn, the boy was attracted by the booths and brave shows, and he was tempted to sell a piece of rope that belonged to the farmer for a few pence. For this offence he was prosecuted, convicted, and, incredible as it may appear, sentenced to five years' penal servitude. If anyone doubts the truth of this statement, I can refer him to the reports of the trial. I cannot imagine a more awful crime than the judge committed who gave the boy that damning sentence. Five years of torture ; five years of contamination ; five years in a world which, if it is to exist at all, ought, like the fiend's world, to have no end, for none that pass through it are fit to go out again among mankind. This horrible wrong was rankling in the boy's mind like a poisoned arrow in those years as he grew

from boy to man. The sense of justice wounded, the whole nature mortified.

At last he was let loose upon society, and returned to revenge the ruin of his life, but in firing at the farmer, shot his child. He was convicted and sentenced to death, and it was my duty to attend him from sentence to execution in the condemned cell. Great sympathy was felt for the lad, and efforts were made to secure a commutation of his sentence; but in vain. Well I remember the eve of his execution, the distressing preparations going on in the prison, the sacrament in the condemned cell. Well I remember that night inside the prison walls, pacing up and down, and waiting for the grey ghost of morning to steal through the barred windows and wake the prisoner with the message of death. Well do I remember how the poor lad was the calmest of us all, how manfully he bore himself in those last dread moments. As I stood beside him on the scaffold during the tardy preparations of the executioner a prison warder fainted, but *he* never flinched. The law destroyed the criminal it had manufactured out of a lad who might have won and worn the Victoria Cross. Gentle hands strewed flowers on his grave within the prison walls, and consecrated the ground with loving human pity. And, as I read the epistle in church on the following Sunday, there came like a message from a court of higher justice the grand words of the Apostle, ‘The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.’

This sentence of five years’ penal servitude for a trifling offence has many a match in the annals

of so-called justice. Surely if the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount applies to society, it applies to the trustee of society seated upon the bench of judgment. For it is giving up no right to be merciful; it is betraying no trust; it is only acting upon the rule of a wisdom that cannot err, which says, Be ye merciful. Cruelty defeats its own end, and causes the insecurity of life and property it is intended to remedy, while mercy softens and reforms the criminal, and best protects society.

THE END.

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